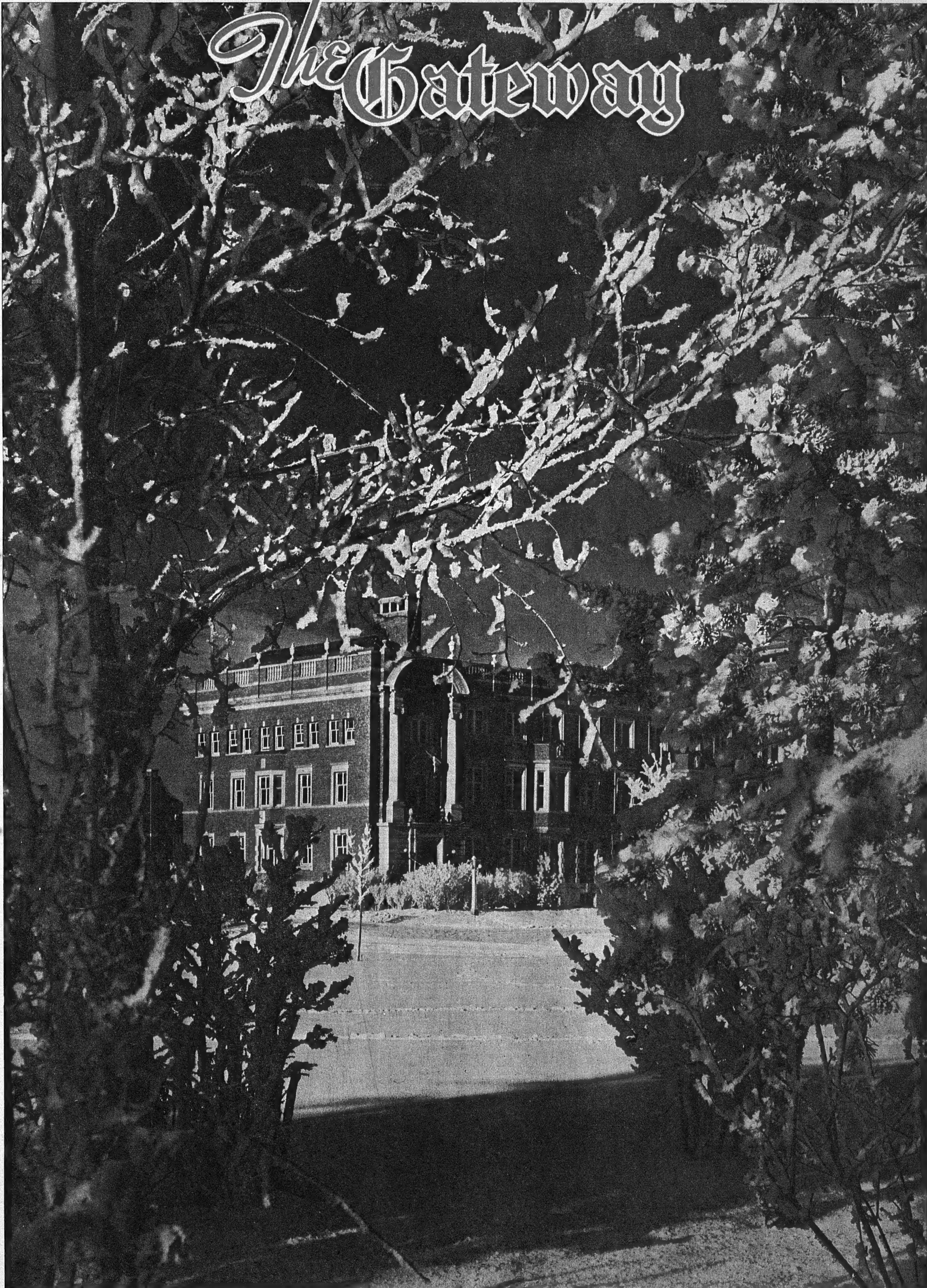


The Gateway



Noel! Noel!

THE GATEWAY



Published each Thursday throughout the College Year under authority of the Students' union of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

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NOEL! NOEL!

"Peace on earth, goodwill to men." A good memory of something may be all that you can remember of "Peace on Earth." But in that memory lies the secret of peace, for it is "goodwill to men." All over the world there are other men, who laugh, fight, study and work just as we do—men who may not celebrate Christmas, but who celebrate the thought behind it. And it is this "goodwill to men" that we hope and pray will some day be realized. This Christmas we hope that Canadians here and everywhere will be inspired by a feeling of leadership—not only here, but all over the world—that our nation may go far in its contribution toward the common realization of this, the greatest of all messages. "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

RESIDENCES

A recent notice on the bulletin board in the Arts building announced the probable opening of the residences on January 2nd. The University authorities should be highly commended for such rapid action, since the R.C.A.F. only turned them over on Nov. 10th of 1944. We hope they are able to go through with present plans.

One serious objection finds its way into this otherwise pleasant picture. As usual, that objection is in the most formidable cloak, namely finance. This notice, although it did not say definitely that the room and breakfast would be \$21.00 for a single room or \$17.00 for a double, did say that these would be the probable prices. At \$17.00 for room and breakfast most of our students would be faced with quite a hungry prospect for the remaining month, since lunch and dinner, even to the most economical eaters, would run in the order of 40c a meal at our cafeteria, aggregating in the order of \$24.00 a month for food. This means that board in University residences will be \$8.50 more than in St. Joe's and \$7.50 more than in St. Steve's, for similar conditions. Granted one can pay more than this, but I ask, who has \$8.50 more of school spirit money than his fellow students. It would appear, at least on the surface, that possibly some investigation would reveal a better solution than that offered at present.

However, if it is impossible to cut the room rent down to, say, \$15.00 for singles and \$12.50 for doubles (with breakfast), maybe the cafeteria tickets could come at a greater reduction to students. Mr. King gave some figures for

News and Views
From Other U's

(Via CUP)

Queen's, The Centre of Student Freedom?

We hear a lot about University blue ribbons, but at Queen's they seem to be very worn and old. The Queen's Drama Guild wished to hold a radio broadcast on a Sunday evening at 11:30, but the hour was said to be too late. Not only that, but the freshettes involved lived in residence and were required to be indoors by 11:30, no exception to the rule being made for the evening of the broadcast.

McMaster Wins Intercollegiate Championship

In a rugby game against the team of Queen's, the McMaster team won the championship with a 21-13 victory. In order to let the rugby players recuperate and catch up with their work, lectures at McMaster were cancelled for a week.

Law Students Most Brilliant?

At the latest Wallup Poll taken by the Canadian Institute of University Opinion, it was revealed that the Law students are considered the most brilliant and hard-working group on the campus. Mr. M. J. Coldwell, leader of the C.C.F. party in Canada, remarked that this was not a surprise to him since he had always thought that the law students were the most hard-working body on the campus.

Return of Japs Favored at B.C.

Sixty percent of the student body of the University of British Columbia are in favor of allowing Canadian-born Japanese to attend the University after the war. In a recent poll conducted by the Ubyessee, the campus newspaper, this majority also expressed an opinion that Japanese students should be allowed to return to Japan after the war. Thirty-six percent of the student body were opposed to allowing any Japanese to enter the University, whether Canadian-born or otherwise.

University of Western Ontario Host at Conference

The University of Western Ontario reports that it will act as host to the National Federation of University Students' Conference to be held between Christmas and New Year. It is probable that one delegate from each University will be in attendance.

Conference of I.R.C. Held in U.S.A.

The regional conference, which was attended by

the cafeteria costs in the Oct. 19 issue of this paper. One will find the months in which a deficit occurred were not the months during which the students were at school. Thus it would seem reasonable that such accounts would be of little benefit as a basis for ascertaining prices at the present time. As Mr. King pointed out at a later date, they would be in a better position to make a more reasonable estimate of cafeteria costs and cafeteria reductions. It might now be practical to give regular student patrons a greater reduction.

The return of the residences means campus life comes back to normal. The seven o'clock silence broken by a few "helps" and then a dripping mass, slopping along the corridor, the chagrin at finding one's bed hanging out the window (held by the sheets), and finally the comradeship of mixing with students of every faculty—these are but a small portion of life in residence. It is to be hoped that the cost of a room does not upset the best part of college life.

THE ORPHAN

It seems that the "little sheet" circulating around the campus has had to resort to one last hope—sensationalism—to get any attention. But regardless of how wrong they are, we want to see more student expression. Perhaps The Gateway can add the missing facts. First of all, The Gateway Executive, and only The Gateway Executive, are responsible for the recent reorganization of the staff, including the creation of new positions. The purpose of this is to turn out a better paper. At present it looks as if The Gateway has the finest staff set-up possible, and it has four months ahead in which it will prove it. But one last point is worth bringing out. This paper is a student paper—and we want to express student opinion. Not just the hothouse alone, but both sides. We want students to submit letters, and articles, and cartoons continually, and we will print as many as possible. We will print any letter on any subject, as long as the student encloses his name. If he wishes to write under a pen-name, that is fine, but he must leave his own name with the Editor as evidence of good faith. The columns of The Gateway are open to members of all groups, so let's see you make use of them if you have something to say.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

This ends 1944 for The Gateway. The Christmas edition is one of the largest on record. To all The Gateway staff who have given their time to help put out this edition, and to all other contributors, we want to say "thank you" personally. To our readers, on behalf of all the staff, we wish you a very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

students from New England and Eastern Canadian Universities, was held with the students of Teacher's College this year in New Britain Connecticut. The purpose of such a conference is to fix the attention of the University student on those underlying principles of international conduct, of international law and organization which must be agreed upon and put into action if a peaceful organization is to continue.

U.B.C. Attends Northwest Conference

Dean Daniel Buchanan has just returned to U.B.C. from Washington State College, where he attended the first Pacific Northwest Conference on the Arts and Sciences. Representatives of the faculties of 33 Universities and colleges. U.S. colleges unanimously voted to inaugurate, with the conference as a foundation, a permanent regional organization.

Inter-University Concert in Aid of Student Relief

There were 600 students and friends of the University of Montreal and McGill in attendance to hear this concert in honor of the students who have been killed. No admission was charged, but a collection was taken.

Long Ago at the U. of A.

By Alpha and Beta

We Found that 5 Years Ago—

The Christmas issue estimated that only one in every 166 persons lived long enough to die of old age. Could be they had Christmas exams then, too?

Three hundred and fifty-five C. O. T. C. students had written the first of their final exams in order to qualify for promotion from second lieutenant to lieutenant.

A carnival in Athabasca Hall put the Christmas Fund over the top. A team of professors battled it out with the co-eds. (In a basketball game, of course.) The score, to the great shame of the co-eds, was 20-21. They claimed the referee was impartial and the timekeeper had been provided with a watch with hands on it.

It Seems that 10 Years Ago—

A banquet was held in Athabasca Hall to celebrate the coming Xmas season. Guests included the Premier of Alberta, the Hon. Mr. R. G. Reid, and the deans of the various faculties and their wives.

The City Superiors defeated the Varsity hockey team 7-0 in the last game before the holidays. It was a very disappointing match.

Due to a "typographical" error in an earlier issue, the engineers found themselves at a House Ec party. Products of the House Ec. lab were sampled by the engineers, who stated confidentially that they found the "rock collection" most interesting.

estng.

A question from the Xmas exams: "Why is it that when a man stands on his head all the blood rushes to it, but when he stands on his feet it doesn't rush there?"

Bright Med Student—"Cause his feet aren't empty."

It Was 20 Years Ago that—

The Freshmen defeated the Sophs in a debate on the national system of schools.

The Christmas banquet to be given in Athabasca Hall for resident students promised to be a smash hit. Each girl was being allowed three dinner partners instead of the usual two. (This was 20 years ago and no fooling!)

It was finally decided to install a pipe organ in Convocation Hall as a war memorial.

Varsity had two entries in the first Northern Alberta Boxing tournament of the season. Both put up a commendable show against the stiffest opposition of the evening.

An organization meeting of the yearbook staff was held, and plans were made for the 1925 edition of the Evergreen and Gold.

Perhaps this little story will add to the belief that there were Xmas exams in 1924:

Prof. to Freshie—Wilson, this is the third time I've seen you looking at Jones' exam paper.

Freshie—Yes, sir. He doesn't write very plainly.

-:- REALISM -:-

All Round

Sentimentality has made China one of the Big Four among the United Nations—giving her an equal place with America, Britain and Russia, but this has also paved the way for profound disappointments. China is not a great power. She has many painful domestic problems to solve before she becomes a great Power. This is what we mean by adding China to the realistic map of the world. . . . It is a striking fact that many persons who feel that we must think realistically about Eastern Europe insist on being sentimental about Western Europe. Whereas we must simply make up our minds to face the hard facts in Eastern Europe, we must never consent in Western Europe to sacrifice ideals and principles to expediency. Sometimes the thought must have occurred here and there that realists ought to be realists all round—in Italy, France and Belgium, as well as in Poland. Outside of Europe one should be realistic about South America and about China. Over these last two vast areas has hung a thick veil of sentimentality which only in recent months has begun to life and dissolve. And it is good that the realities should emerge even if they are sobering and sometimes discouraging realities. If the truth makes men free, it should hold for the truth everywhere on the map.

—Topics of the Times.

Equally

They, the Palestine Arabs, would benefit equally from such development and reconstruction. It is sheer nonsense to say that the Palestine Arabs are destined for the role of hewers of wood and drawers of water. They would be on equal footing of citizenship and responsibility with the Jewish inhabitants. There is a sharp distinction to be drawn between the Arab attitude toward the Jew and the Jewish attitude toward the Arab. It has been a tendency of the Arab to dominate, but that is far from our minds and intentions.

I believe that if leaders of the United Nations would come to the Arabs and show them how much they had gained in the present war as they did in the last war, tell them that the Allied sacrifices had protected the Arabs from real harm at the hands of a common enemy; that Allied economic power had caused them to prosper — if the United Nations' leader were to add that they have some right to say what is to happen to Jews in this particular part of the world, that they though the Jewish Commonwealth to be just and that they felt the Arabs had a legitimate interest in this country—if the United Nations' leaders were to declare that they would be safe in the hands of the United Nations and if the United Nations were to assure Arabs of the real practical material advantages they would derive from common development of Palestine, then I believe not only would the Arabs themselves acquiesce in such an arrangement, but it would solve the so-called problem of Palestine.

—Chaim Weizmann.

Cannot Resist

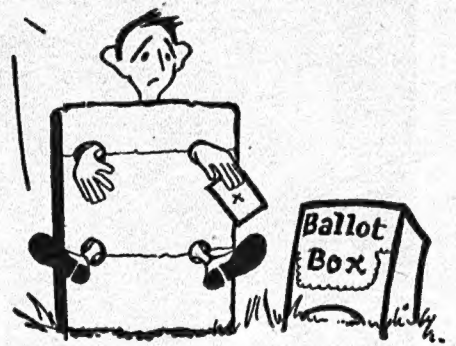
Germany therefore must in the terms of any armistice be told firmly that her coastline from the former Dutch frontier north by east is to be withdrawn inwards so that never again may a people like the Dutch, so worthy to survive and to play a great part, be humiliated, made impotent, lose any calculable

A SUGGESTION

Editor, The Gateway,
University of Alberta.

Dear Sir,—Another idea. If you happen not to have friends in the forces who are ex-University of Alberta students, could you not select names from The Gateway mailing list, and send copies week by week to these former students? You could check off the names of the ones to whom you are mailing copies. I believe this would be a less haphazard way than having some remembered and others not.

Sincerely,
"HELPFUL"

THE LITTLE MAN WHO
COULDN'T VOTE!

Who is he?

How is the voters' list compiled?

What is an election writ?

What and why is an advance poll?

Who counts the votes?

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You are fighting to preserve your democratic way of life.

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2-5



May the Star that guided the Wise Men
Light you upon your way,
And show you the infinite beauty
Of a perfect Christmas Day.



Hearty Greetings, Kind thoughts,
and all good wishes for
Christmas and the coming Year.

St. Joseph's Cafeteria

SEASON'S GREETINGS

McNEILL'S TAXI

Our supply of University Christmas Cards is now in

Embossed in Green and Gold

10 cents each

\$1.00 per dozen

THIS DEPARTMENT IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Question Leniency Shown At Queen's in Comparison To Alberta Regulations

"The announcement that the University's Wartime Christmas examination requirement for Arts students will not be enforced this year has been met with much immediate satisfaction by all concerned." Thus begins an editorial published December 1, in the "Queen's University Journal." In contrast to the elation at Queen's University which must accompany this announcement, students of the University of Alberta are informed that there has been no relaxation in regulations

regarding Christmas examinations except in the case of women students who will be allowed to continue their courses, but will be sent the usual letter of warning from the University. Dr. Newton, President of the University of Alberta, stated in a recent interview with a Gateway reporter regarding the Christmas regulations, that, in his opinion, the regulations would be less rigidly applied this year, but that he did not advise any slackening in effort on the part of the student body because this would lessen their chances of meeting the Dominion regulations regarding Arts students in the spring.

Why is there one set of regulations for Queen's University and another set of regulations for the University of Alberta?

Why this lack of uniformity?

Regulations at the University of Alberta re Christmas Examinations are as follows:

Faculty of Arts and Science

First Year:

General course: 50% in all courses or 1 failure with an average of 55%.

Commerce: 50% in all required courses or 1 failure with an average of 60%.

Combined courses in Arts and Education and Science and Education: As for General course.

Other Combined Courses: 50% in all required courses, or 1 failure with an average of 60%.

CANDLELIGHT SERVICE

On Saturday, December 16th, at 7:30 p.m., in St. Stephen's College Chapel, there will be a Candlelight Carol Service, sponsored by the Student Christian Movement and the Varsity Christian Fellowship. While there will be many carols for everybody to sing, there are also a number of individual items in the program. A boy soprano, Lawrence Kay, will sing "The Star of Bethlehem"; Miss Gwyneth Jones will sing "Infant Holy, Infant Lowly"; a male trio will sing "We Three Kings of Orient Are," and a quartet, "Good King Wenceslas." Miss Lillian Gibson will accompany at the organ.

The Presidents

Christmas—what does it mean to most of us? A pleasant break in our studies—or extra-curricular activities, as the case may be, a few days at home, a chance to catch up on the past three months' news, an opportunity to renew old acquaintances, plenty of time to relax, sleep, eat, read and perhaps even think a little. That is Christmas as it appears on the surface and to a large extent, particularly in these days, we do not tend to look below this surface. All too often we at University tend to live in a world apart and tend to lead very superficial lives. We can to a large extent escape from reality, and consequently, due to our own little problems, forget those of the world around us.

Christmas, with its message of "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," is a time to think beyond the University campus and beyond our own little sphere. It is a time to be thankful for our present position here, for the success of the Allied war effort which has made our position secure, and for the plenty we have in a world that is, to such a great extent, suffering. It is a time to think of what we can do to ease the burden of others less fortunate than ourselves, and to spread, in some small way, goodwill among men, for only by so doing can we build a secure foundation for future peace. It becomes an obligation to take a broader view of things and to look beyond our own small problems.

A splendid spirit of co-operation has prevailed throughout our Students' Union activities so far this term, and a spirit of co-operation extending beyond the University itself has been shown by the support given the Christmas Fund, which helps to spread good cheer among needy families. Our overseas cigarette fund, so well supported by those taking military training, is likewise an expression of goodwill. Fellowship between individuals and small groups is fostered by encouraging such action we can help to build that spirit which will assure us of future peace and true goodwill toward men the world over.

Best wishes for a very merry Christmas and the happiest of New Year.

ALF. HARPER,
President of Students' Union.

NOTICE

FLASH! The Fourth Year Dents have contributed one hundred percent to the Major War Drive, \$125 each. The Sixth Year Meds will have contributed by the end of the week.

Hampers Mailed By Xmas Fund

The Christmas Fund Committee, under the leadership of Bob Pulleyblank, set for themselves an objective of \$400.00, and according to latest reports, have reached their quota.

It all began with a Tag Day. Fraternity pledges were "joed" into tripping students and extracting a contribution to the worthy cause. It was quite a success, for \$175.00 was raised. Costs were reduced to a minimum, as tags were donated by the University Print Shop.

Next came a House Dance sponsored by the Co-ed Club. A large crowd turned out, for that was the last night for Daisies to rush their jobs. Approximately \$100.00 was raised. Again costs were cut by the generosity of Don Graves' orchestra that worked for free.

Finally came the Talent Show over CKUA. Everyone that remembered to, listened. Campus talent such as the Four Squares, Lois McPherson and Foster Scott, was featured. Listeners 'phoned in requests and promised a donation to the Xmas Fund. Thus \$25.00 more was added to the fund.

While all this has been going on, the fund has been going on. The Nurses sold tickets on an afghan, the Law Club on their usual merchandise(?), and the Christmas Fund Committee has a set of 1847 Roger Bros. silverware. Ticket sales have netted the fund.

The money is to be used for Christmas hampers consisting of clothing, toys, etc. They are to be sent to district nurses, who will distribute them as they see fit.

Harper to Attend Union Conference

This is conference month, with the C.U.P. conference, the possibility of a C.U.R.M. gathering, and the N.F.C.U.S. conference. This last will be held at the University of Western Ontario, at London, Ont. Alf Harper will board the cattle train on Dec. 20, in time, presumably, to be in London the 27th for the three-day siege.

The conference, which will be attended by the students' union presidents of all Canadian universities, will discuss National Selective Service regulations, standardization of military training, reduced travelling rates for students, and other matters of national importance to Canadian universities. Alberta's suggestions on the agenda now being drawn up by Bob Ellis of Saskatchewan, include increased publicity for universities, possibly by means of CP news coverage and the CBC; students' scholarships, and possible interspersal functions.

However, the main purpose will be to reorganize the conference itself, which has not been held since 1940.

In the words of Mr. Harper: "For the past four years the universities have tackled their increasing problems single-handed. Pulling together, as a result of this conference, will make their tasks much easier, and they will have more far-reaching effects."

X-Ray Week Opens January Drive For \$1,500 Objective

Gala Week Hinted at by Executive

By Mavis Huston

The year 1945 on the U. of A. campus is to be heralded in by a really stupendous Major War Service campaign, directed by Al Ross. This is to be known as "X-Ray Week," and is to be devoted entirely to the task of raising the objective of \$1,500.00 with which we intend to purchase an X-ray (heat therapy unit) for the soldiers' wing of the University Hospital.

To date, no drive has been held, but this will get under way during the week of January 8-13th. The drive will take the form of a "super" tag week. From snooping in those cloudy engineering labs, your reporter has by various means (?) squeezed from Bob MacKenzie (Ross and Nelson being veritable clam-fishes) the statement that if the students co-operate the executive will carry on a gala week. Students, make these boys live up to it! A cup will be presented to the faculty which sells the greatest percentage of the tags distributed to that faculty. The winner will be declared at the Major War Services house dance to be held Saturday, Jan. 13. Rumor has it that this dance is to be "free." That is, if the objective has been reached before then.

The executive won't divulge any secrets, but it is rumored that other highlights will be presented during the week. This executive consists of Al Ross as director and chairman, Bob MacKenzie in charge of entertainment, Les Nelson in charge of finance, and Professor R. M. Hardy as a committee adviser.

Previous War Service Campaign Results

The Major War Drive was instituted on this campus in the spring of 1942. The object of the drive was to enable University students to contribute directly to Canada's present war effort, since individually their contributions appeared insignificant, but collectively they proved most effective. Since that time practically every college in Canada has endeavored to do its best toward a successful prosecution of the war. Moreover, it is felt that such a drive unites all student effort in one common objective.

The aim of former drives was to benefit Canada's armed forces, and therefore centred around Chem. In 1942, a committee led by Blair Fulton raised \$2,500.00, partially by army pay and caution money. The campus fairly reverberated with the tremendous interest stimulated

Send Greetings

The sixth war Christmas finds us certain of victory if we do not slacken our efforts to fall to quarrelling among ourselves. This is cause for deep thankfulness and sincere rejoicing. Our celebration will be tempered by the shadow of sorrow which has fallen across so many of our homes. The value of "peace on earth, good will toward men" has never been more apparent in the history of the world. It has become clear that peace is not a negative state, resulting from inaction, but something that we must work actively and continually to maintain. When the sacrifice of blood and tears is mercifully ended, we shall still have to sacrifice pride, covetousness, and selfish notions about sovereignty. Otherwise the first sacrifice will have been in vain.

University students have not escaped the stresses and strains of war. Added programmes of service training, and no "second chance" in examinations, have been the order of the day. There has been no relaxation in the basic dominion-wide regulations, but we are grateful to be allowed this Christmas a little more latitude in their application. Consequently we hope that very few students will be reported for failure in their Christmas tests, and that nearly all will have the whole session in which to make good.

These are dark days, in a literal as well as a figurative sense. Most of us have to rise a great while before day and go to work, and later return from work, in the dark. But it was to the shepherds keeping watch over their flock by night that there appeared a multitude of the heavenly host praising God. These clear nights a multitude of stars appear each to hang by his own particular thread. Sirius, the traditional star of Bethlehem and the brightest of them all, faithfully dogs the steps of Orion the hunter across the eastern sky in late evening. Contemplating this pageant of unimpaired majesty and unending light, we catch vision of things as they will be when we reflect the spirit of Christmas, and we return to our work like the shepherds, glorifying and praising God.

To all the students of the University of Alberta I wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

ROBERT NEWTON,
President.

NOTICE

Positions available at the Blood Serum Separating Centre after Christmas. Good pay with Saturday afternoons off and 1½ hours for lunch. Hours 9-5. Apply to the Biochemistry Department. Work is being slowed because of lack of assistance. This is essential war work.

War Drive Objective

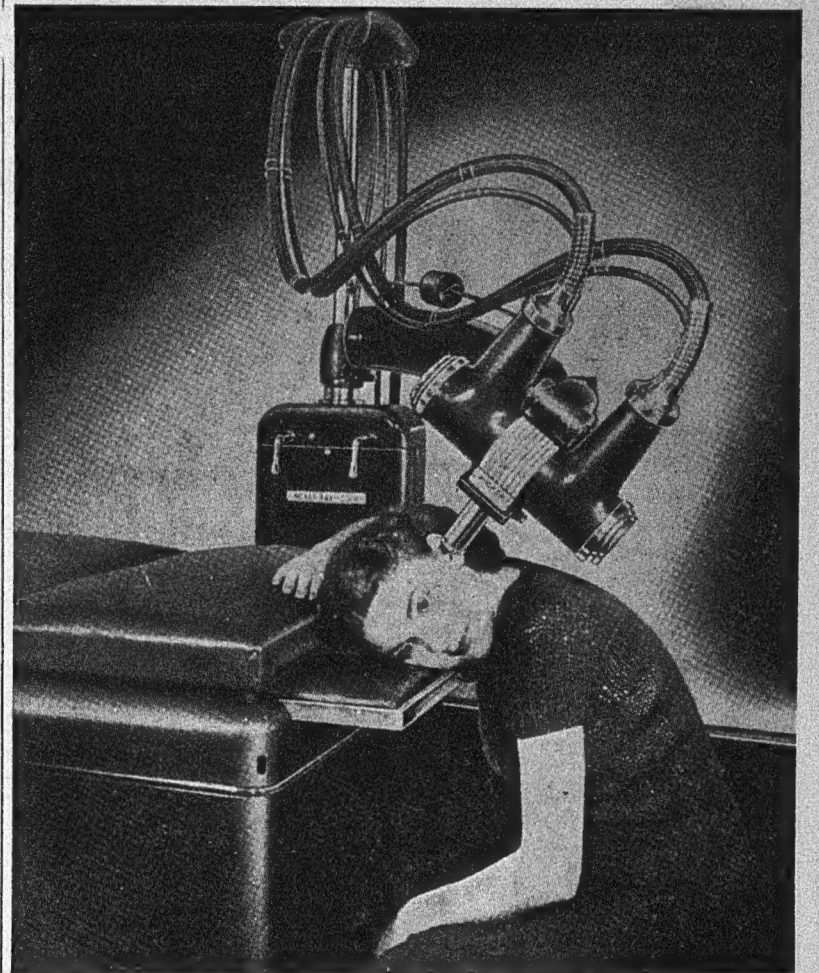


Photo by courtesy Picker X-Ray Corp.

The Major War Services Drive this year is for the purchase of this Heat Therapy Unit, designed for the treatment of skin diseases. It has been found that X-ray is effective for 92 different skin conditions.

Heat Therapy Unit For Soldiers Wing

The Major War Services Committee, in conjunction with Alf Harper, decided that the project this year should be directed toward something useful to returning veterans, and therefore approached the officials of the University Hospital to determine what type of donation would be most suitable. Dr. McCagan, the Superintendent, discussed the problem thoroughly with the members of his staff. Dr. Proctor, the hospital radiologist, suggested a heat therapy unit, which met with immediate favor, since it would benefit more of our returned veterans than any of the other proposals put forth. Further, in view of the fact that a large number of returned men are likely to come to the new soldiers' wing of the hospital, this unit was felt to be an invaluable addition to the present X-ray equipment. Other radiologists consulted were very much in agreement with Dr. Proctor, and consequently the committee was certain this project would meet with the students' approval.

This machine is a shockproof, X-ray unit having been designed for skin diseases. In the past years radiologists and skin specialists have been compelled to use machines which carry much higher voltages. Since the larger machines are designed for deep work, the high voltage destroying the superficial tissues, they are therefore used only as a last resort.

The treatment which is made available is the most important aspect of the machine. It has been found that X-ray is effective for 92 different skin conditions. It would be both impractical and impossible to list them. The following diseases, curable by X-ray, are in evidence among our returning veterans at present: (1) Oriental sores, which are infections caused by various tropical organisms; (2) lingering wounds, wounds which do not heal because of low grade organisms; (3) keloid, an excess scar formation; (4) leukoplakia, white patches on the skin which are believed to be precancerous; (5) cancer of the lip.

The patient having any of the 92 curable diseases is brought to the X-ray room, and the cone unit is adjusted to the required position (for example, as shown in the picture). The treatment consists of one to eight minutes per day for one week to one month, depending on the seriousness of the case. An automatic control removes all chance for burning, as occurs in larger machines.

Machines of a similar type are operating satisfactorily in Edmonton and Calgary, and therefore the committee feels justified in its choice. The cost of the machine is \$1,500.00 dollars, and this has consequently been made the objective of the drive. It is felt that if all the students understand the purpose of the drive, their whole-hearted support will follow directly.

The production of plays requires not only actors and directors, but an able stage crew. A hard-working selection of stage hands will be ready for the job, headed by Murray Stewart as stage manager and Jim Barton in charge of lights. Mr. Maldwyn Jones, instructor in Dramatics for the education classes, is advising the various directors in the production of their plays.

There are three awards presented every year in the interyear plays. There is a medal for the best actress and the best actor and the director of the best play. These awards are based on a poll taken from the audience themselves and on the judgment of a committee of three judges. The selection of these judges has not been made as yet.

The interyear plays are the only dramatic production on the campus during the year. The three-act play and the Philharmonic are war casualties. As the sole remaining effort at dramatics on the campus, the interyear plays deserve the full support of the student body. Several positions are still open on the stage crew and the position of property mistress has not been filled as yet. Anyone interested in this type of work, please contact Jim Spillios, president of the Dramatic Society.

gional vice-president papers are the U. of Toronto "Varsity," the "Ubyssy," and the "Brunswickian," of the U. of New Brunswick.

C.U.P. editor Sylvia Rowan, of The Gateway, will attend the conference as Alberta's delegate, with suggestions from The Gateway which will really make the C.U.P. hum.

President of the C.U.P. this year is the McGill Daily. The three re-



TO THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

A mere repetition of customary greetings associated with this season of the year can easily lose all significance. The momentous decisions confronting mankind at this climax in history require realistic thought and action.

The celebration of Christmas becomes meaningless without an appreciation of the fundamental principles of Christianity; the recognition of the sovereignty of the individual—his right to choose or refuse; the use of the method of inducement rather than compulsion; the promise of freedom through the search for "Truth".

We approach the New Year with a renewed faith in the future—hopeful of achieving peace, contentment and prosperity through what we term the "democratic" way of life. All history has proven there can be no true democracy based on anti-Christian principles.

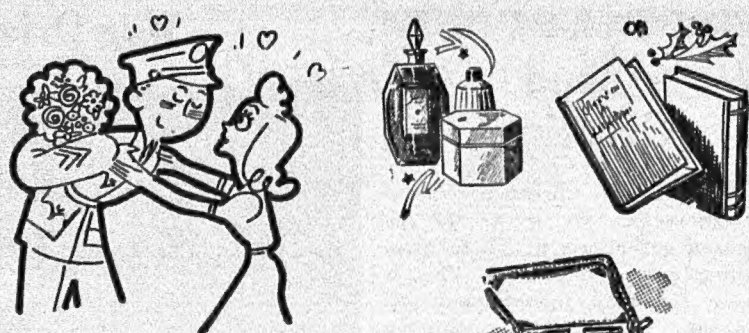
Much of the responsibility of improving a badly shattered world will fall on the youth of today, the men and women of tomorrow. With this thought, I send on behalf of myself and my Department, the best greetings to all for Christmas and the new Year.

R. E. ANSLEY,
Minister of Education.

Darling Hat Shop
A Gift Suggestion for HER
HANDBAGS



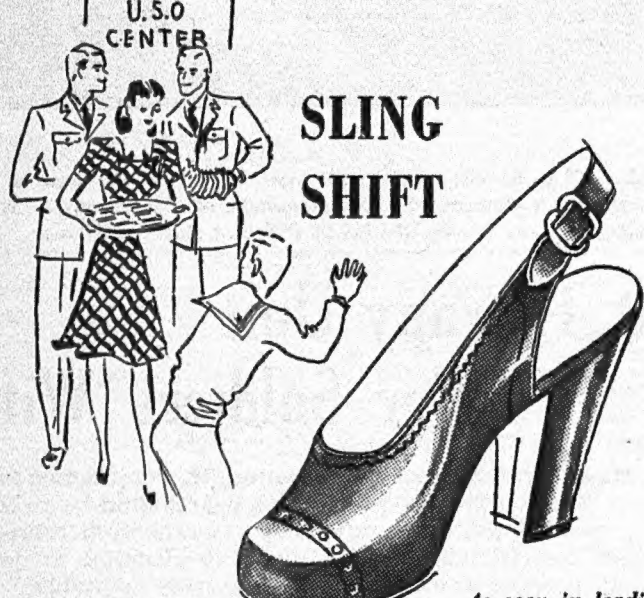
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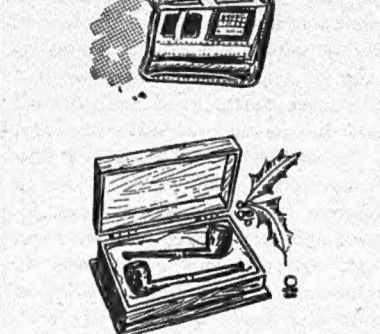
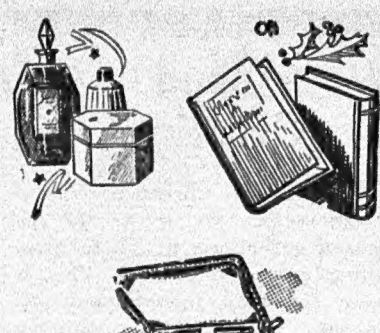
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Have you done your Christmas shopping yet? If not, will these suggestions help you? How about perfume, pipes, a zipper kit, books, or, if you leave it 'til the last minute, flowers?

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CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

So you just don't know what to get for Uncle Henry? You're stymied as to what Mom and Dad would like? You haven't an inkling as to what to give the man of your dreams, so he'll remember you always for it? Your girl friend has got you down—she seems to have everything? Well, you're in a pretty bad way! You better stoop down, lend an ear, or rather an eye, to those few gems of wisdom on "What to Get Who for Christmas."

First, a few words of advice on the general topic of Christmas shopping. The most important thing is that Varsity students just haven't got time to spend hours and hours browsing around the shops, getting ideas as they go along. You haven't time to feel the joy of aching, blistered feet after hours of tramping streets and stores. So you'll just have to have a list made out beforehand of what you want for whom, and where is the likeliest place to get it. You'd be wise to have some alternates for each gift suggestion, too, because as everyone knows in these times, you can never get what you really want. Then, armed with the list, some argent and a smile, you enter the melee known as last minute Christmas shopping. If lucky (and if you're the aggressive type), you'll be through in nothing flat.

The person topmost on your list is, of course, your dream man, or dream girl. It's nice to get them something lasting, so how about a smart leather wallet or a leather zipper writing case, with his or her initials on. The latter is especially welcome if they are away from home. For something more personal, how about a leather picture folder, with your favorite snap or photo in it? A woolen scarf and glove set are certainly appreciated in this frigid north country. If you're interested in something more beautifying and smelly, take a trot down to Steen's, and see their lovely display of toiletries for both men and women. Their nail polish sets are really something. It's best to go easy on giving books to fellow students. After Christmas exams, books only bring back black memories.

Now for the long-suffering families, whom you see only once in a blue moon (both in the city and out). Christmas is the time to show them that you still love them. Give Mom and Dad some little extravagance they'd never dream of buying themselves. How about a pair of fancy gold or silver earrings for

Mom to feel dressed up in? Or a handsome pin or necklace? Perhaps she'd like some really glamorous perfume or cosmetics, some sweet-scented soap. Fathers that smoke are usually deluged with tobacco or pipes, etc. Of course, these are always welcome, but see if you can't get off the beaten track a little this year. If he has a hobby, surprise him by remembering it, and getting him something to use in it. For example, if he fishes, root around and try to find him a really good fly reel, or if he putters, find him a special tool he wants, to putter with. He'll be as pleased as a child with an electric train.

Speaking of children, how about the small fry, little brother and sister. They'll go into hysterics over an A. A. Milne "Christopher Robin" book, if they're young enough. See if you can get away from the war theme in toys. They'll probably get enough guns, cannons and planes from others. How about a nurse's set for little sister and a doctor's set for little brother. They'll have fun for a long time with them. Most uptown stores have them. Books will give you a chance to read to them during the holidays. You might get to know them again.

A gift for the whole family is a good idea. Get one of your year-book pictures finished, and put in a nice frame for them. Then they can look at you all year, even when you're away. Here's an idea for those of you whose families aren't in the city. Go down to one of the local radio stations and have a record made of your voice, for the family. If you can sing, sing—if not, try anyway. Or you may play some instrument—record it. It may be corny, but the ones at home will love it. Or if you're just an ordinary person, like most of us, just speak a few words of greeting to them. You don't imagine how proud they'll be of you. These ideas will go over big with relatives, too.

We haven't put much emphasis on make-it-yourself gifts here. We think they're some of the best. But we realize that hardly any Varsity student has time to make them—unless you're the gift-a-month type, starting last summer. I guess the majority of us will have to let hand-made things wait till after we graduate.

Well, whatever you get for your friends and relatives, remember it isn't the size of the gift that counts. It's the spirit behind it. Merry Christmas to you all!

White Cap Briefs

After a lapse of a couple of weeks—no, don't get the idea that we haven't been doing anything of interest—we decided to settle down and let you know what has been going on in the nursing world.

To begin with (where we left off last time), the fifth year group went on a field trip to the Beulah Home. It was a lovely day, and who can blame us if we walked a good five miles instead of the necessary two. It was a little disconcerting, though, for the street-car conductor to scream out, "Beulah Home, Beulah Home, and to have fifteen box-coated figures stream nonchalantly out of the car. Foggy man, we're afraid he will never be the same.

Meal work took up the better part of the next week, and if you have never planned, cooked and eaten a low cost meal—take our advice and marry a rich man, or at least one who will provide you with a victory garden.

Busy as we were with the meals, we did manage to work in another field trip. This was to the Kiwanis Home. We really enjoyed this trip—especially as we were provided with a "high" tea, consisting of an enormous platter of sandwiches, beautiful chocolate cake with thick icing, and marvellous fruit cookies. Needless to say, the plates were cleaned off in about two seconds. Marvellous training nurses get. Don't you agree!

McLeod Club

The regular meeting of the McLeod Club met in the blue and rose sitting room at St. Steve's on Tuesday, Dec. 5. An attendance of 40 members was most gratifying (if they would only pay their fees). Mrs. McGugan, our honorary president, was guest of the evening.

A very brief business meeting was held. The club feels that this year a banquet and dance might be held in February instead of the usual banquet. The comments, favorable and otherwise, were brought out concerning the window display at Morton's Ltd. This was a McLeod Club venture for nursing publicity week, which depicted the different years in the University of Alberta School of Nursing.

Mrs. McGugan addressed the meeting briefly, and a warm welcome was furnished by the fourth year group, and a perfectly riotous time was enjoyed by all.

If any of you can imagine one or two devout Hindoos bowed in an attitude of reverence and turned facing in the direction of Mecca engaged in repeating prayers to Allah, then perhaps you can appreciate the scene when 40 members of the noble profession of nursing assumed this position to carry out these ancient rituals. To the surprise of everyone, all we succeeded in doing was to confer to Allah that the caudal portion of our anatomies was protruding in a generally backward direction.

Following this, several impromptu pantomimes were put on by various groups, portraying with extreme accuracy many familiar scenes and settings in everyday life. For example, a party after "lights out" at Steve's, an O.K. scene, freshman registration and physical examinations, How to Catch a Little Abner, First

CHRISTMAS 1944

Hear the bells,
The music swells
O'er the land
Of snowy white.
From the steeple
The deeper tones
Call the people
From their homes,
This Christmas night.

Merry voices greet their neighbor,
Frosty horses stamp and labour,
What need of a lantern
This hallowed night?
Lo! Above is a star,
'Twill guide us right.
Quiet now, the parson's prayer
Remem-ber boys over there.
Heavy now the sacred air,
Sighs for those who cannot share
This treasured night,
Precious hour.

The prayer endeth, a moment's pause,
Shuffling feet, a scatter of coughs;
Candles gleam on the walls around,
The Prince of Peace their hearts has found.
Heavenly carols sing their praise
This holiest of holy days
To the gentle Nazarene
Whose earthly message
Of charitable love,
Faith and goodwill
Endureth the ages.

This peaceful psalm,
Rustic citadel,
The healing balm
Of a world unwell.
—Denis Bel Champ.

time on Roller Skates, etc. The talent and originality that is demonstrated on such occasions never ceases to amaze me. Just before lunch was served some of the nurses' songs were sung by the group, and as the strains of "Bless 'em All" faded out, a choir of masculine voices floated through from the other side of Steve's. The boys were apparently "inspired" by the spirit of the party next door, and wanted to help out with the entertainment. "Show Me the Way to Go Home" was good, but the feeling and expression they put in "Good Night, Ladies" was something unique. Thank you, Dogpath, for the vocal renditions. It was sweet and generous of you to help out.

Mrs. Underwood very graciously invited us back again some evening, so, boys, how about a few new songs?

Co-ed — Did I ever show you where I was tattooed?
Boy Friend (hopefully)—No.
Co-ed—Well, let's drive down that way.

FASCINATING WOMEN

By Jean Anderson

Greer Garson, the star of "Mrs. Miniver" and "Madame Curie," has brought true womanhood back to the screen. Every week between four and five thousand middle-aged American lawyers, clergymen, bankers and doctors take pen in hand to write to Miss Greer Garson. She is "Womanliness" to them. Each one professes to find in her womanliness an old and cherished something that she had wrapped in lace at the bottom of her heart all these years.

Greer was born in Belfast, Ireland; when is a secret. When she was four months old, her father died, leaving little in the way of money to his wife and daughter. Thus Mrs. Garson and Greer lived in a shabby section of London in a row of houses she describes as "scrubby little holes, falling down half the time with nobody paying the rents."

Greer was a real brain child. She knew the alphabet at two and could read competently at four. Having had little use for dolls, Greer admits now that she must have been a dull child. Progressing quickly at school, Greer tutored three seventeen-year-old boys for their Cambridge entrance exams. She spent her summers in Scotland, where she loved to cruise in a small yacht owned by her brother-in-law. After winning a university scholarship at sixteen, Greer entered university, crammed a four-year course into three and graduated with honors. During the last of these years she took on enough tutoring jobs to make herself self-supporting. All this time Greer hoped for an acting career, the idea of which was strongly vetoed in family circles.

Upon graduating, Greer took a year's post-graduate course at Grenoble University in France. Then she returned to England to work in a market research library for an advertising firm. After a year or two of this, she entered the Birmingham Repertory Theatre against every one else's advice. In 1933 she married Alec Snelson, a judge in the Indian Civil Service. They had a month's honeymoon in the Harz mountains in Germany. Since her husband wished her to give up her acting, which Greer firmly refused to do, they separated soon after. She divorced him in 1940.

At a University Women's Club meeting one night, the authoress, Sylvia Thompson, offered Greer the lead in "Golden Arrow," with Lawrence Oliver as leading man. Greer

accepted and was a moderate success. When in London, Louis B. Mayer saw her in "Old Music," and offered Greer a contract in Hollywood in a blaze of flashlights and orchids. On arriving two weeks later in Los Angeles, the only newspaper notice she got was, "Greer Garson, an English actress, arrived yesterday."

Greer's first Hollywood role was that of Mr. Chips, which made her an instant success.

She was next cast in "Pride and Prejudice," which was voted one of the ten best films of the year by the Motion Picture Critics of New York. Fighting like a tigress against playing the part of Mrs. Miniver, Greer was volubly insistent that audiences wouldn't like her as the mother of a boy old enough to be an R.A.F. pilot. Yet this role brought her the coveted Oscar award. It also brought her a husband, Richard Ney, the young and unknown actor who played the part of her son in the film, and Greer were married in July of last year. New is now a lieutenant j.g. and recently returned from duty in New Zealand. Tennis, opera and dancing are heavy items on the Neys' date-book during the few brief furloughs which Richard gets.

She has an infinite amount of patience and good humor when she is working. She is also a great wit. One day when a costume girl's knees cracked as she bent to adjust Greer's costume on the set, Greer smiled sweetly and said, "Hm, that's the first American crack I have heard that wasn't a wise one." Recently a critic criticized Greer for doing a repeat on Mrs. Chips in every role she has played since. Greer silenced him with, "If there is a bit of Mrs. Chips in every part I play, it is because there is a bit of Mrs. Chips in every woman."

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Features

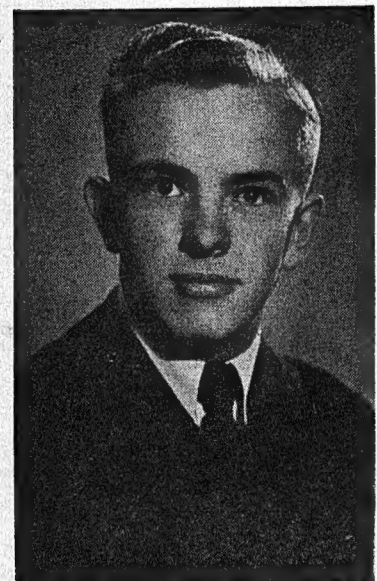
Campus Personalities

--- YOU SHOULD KNOW THEM

The man who gave you that little blue book, muttered wildly, and finally crossed your name off his list, was none other than Robert Willoughby Pulleyblank, the editor of the phone book.

Many of you hep-cats know him as the man behind the saxophone in Don Graves' orchestra. His career began when the leader of his Sunday School orchestra was desperate for another player, and convinced him that the sax could be learnt in the shortest time with the least trouble. "Therefore," says Bob, "I do it." This virtuosity on brass brought him to a Waterton Lakes job with a summer orchestra after he graduated from high school. Bob swore on a stack of telephone directories that they hired him because he was the only pre-draft "real life" sax player to be had in those parts. All the following year he played for Jerry Fuller's Palliser Hotel orchestra, and has been continuing ever since with one band or another, principally for Don Graves, and notably for the weekly House Dances.

Bob claims to have led "a disgustingly normal" childhood in his native city of Calgary, where he was born about twenty years ago. He was a quiet, reserved child (who would guess it now?), and did so well in school that he won the R. B. Bennett scholarship in grade nine. After he finished high school, he put in a year at Mount Royal College.



In one of his summer holidays, Bob persuaded Eaton's to employ him, and he spent many happy hours learning to letter cards for their bargain sales. It was here that he laid the groundwork for his now-thriving "Varsity Sign" business, which operates from the long-suffering D.U. house, with himself and Glen Cummins doing lettering and art work respectively. One of their highlights this season was the cute little Indian maid that graced the Wauneita posters and dance programs. Their motto is "Half the signs pinched from the notice boards are Varsity Signs." The management fervently disclaims all responsibility for the dogpatch efforts which appeared in the recent "Grab-your-man-Daisy" campaign.

His last blissful summer was spent working at the Bay. "If ignorance is bliss—gee, was I happy," said Bob at this point. For his work consisted of cleaning and storing women's fur coats. This is much more profitable than it seems, as we have it from reliable sources that there is a considerable turnover to be made on compacts, lipsticks, gloves, car tickets, concert programs, racing forms, bobby pins and other pocket products of the industry which could be auctioned off in the fall. Pulleyblank, being a sharp customer, apparently didn't miss a thing. He even tried to convince his public that it was the moths that were so hard to his hairline.

Our hero goes over pretty well in Calgary, though, hairline and all, notably with a certain young lady ("about five foot three, dark hair, green eyes, and, gee, is she ever cute!" interjected R.W.P. in rap-turous tones), upon whose sweater Bob's D.U. pin has been in residence for some weeks now. Five letters fly north and south each week, according to the best authority. But the general public is still wondering why this situation was unknown

until the day after the Wauneita formal.

Everyone says that Pulleyblank's vices must be legion, to judge from the built-in bags under his eyes and frequent signs of morning pallor. We discover none, as he swore off the weed months ago and insists that he can act drunkenly enough without even sniffing a cork. He keeps out of trouble by stating no opinion whatever concerning the proletariat, any aristocracy you can mention, and all features of the foreign situation. This we find rare in an Arts man, but is quite understandable with 5 foot 6 and 140 lbs. among this muscular student population. He is a strict abstainer from all sports except the Calgary races, and claims to concentrate his muscle between the ears.

The Frosh will remember R. Pulleyblank as the obliging senior, trailing his Counsellor ribbon from his manly chest, who conducted various campus tours to places that were new to him, too; and these included all the freshman social affairs. Thus he had first chance to leer at innocent freshettes and lay groundwork for the Daisy Week-end.

Dramatics have always interested him. At Mount Royal, where he was a freshman, he was president of the Dramatic Club. Last year he won the award for the best actor of the Interyear Plays, as Pyramus in "Pyramus and Thisbe" from "The Midsummer Night's Dream." He demonstrated that Shakespeare could still roll customers down the aisles in laughter.

This year's Christmas Fund is directed by Pulleyblank as its chairman; so far, the fund has soared to new heights. Two raffles are being held as well as a radio talent show taking place soon. So if a wild-eyed student rushes up, all a-flap with colored raffle tickets, and attaches a leech-like to your lapel, insinuates a hand into your pocket and screams—"Here, have a chance on a set of silver or a crack—here, take six, they're small—that'll be 50c; thanx, g'bye!" you'll know that it is just Pulleyblank's charming way of campaigning for the Christmas Fund.

Your harassed correspondent last week found herself lost in the maze behind Con Hall in search of the legendary director of the legendary Evergreen and Gold. After tottering desperately up a spiral staircase, she finally trapped him in his lair. At first she was beaten about the head and shoulders and rolled down the stairs, being mistaken for a bill-collector, but her long-suffering business manager appeared and clarified the situation, whereupon all three finally roosted in the simple pews of the Evergreen and Gold.

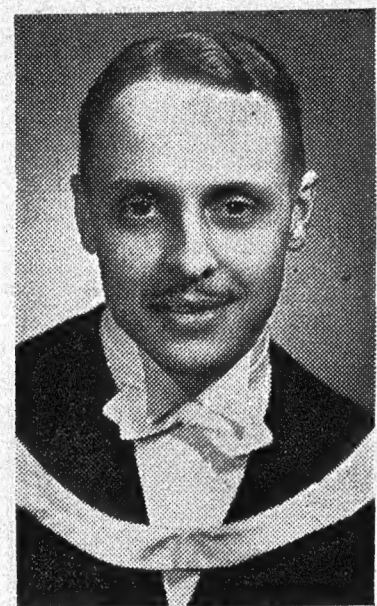
The twenty-fifth anniversary issue of the Evergreen and Gold is being directed by Colin Corkum, a 2nd year Med student from Calgary. Work on this quarter-century issue is already well ahead—student pictures are currently in the printer's hands and many club reports are already in. The pages devoted to certain activities have already been laid out; Colin and a conscientious staff have been at work on your student annual since one day last spring when Colin and Don Harvey discussed the cover design one Sunday over a coke, and Don was back with the finished lay-out next day; it was in the publishers' hands within the week.

This is just a sample of how things are cracking around the E and G. premises about now. The ambition of the fiery-eyed staff is to see the students collect their year-books after their last exam, one of those fateful April days. Every day the office is crammed with laboring copy writers and cursing editors—even into the straining of the office door; yea, even into Saturday afternoon and evening. (This report had been gleaned from hitherto unimpeachable sources.)

Besides being the proud owner of an eight-foot horsewhip, Colin Corkum is well equipped for his job. When he came up here as a freshman, he slaved all year at his books, also holding classes on "How to Study," which many more-innocent freshmen attended, unaware of the fact that all "Prof" Corkum had studied was the "Index" and "Contents" of his text-books and the

high-spots of Kornhauser's "How to Study."

Another indispensable part of his training was the close companionship that existed between Colin (in public school) and the janitor down in the boiler-room. There he claims to have absorbed his pithy philosophy of life, complete with an abundance of hot-air, every time he helped stoke the furnace. This hot air is indispensable to those in public life, especially when dealing with creditors and similar social pariahs.



Colin's training in business management began early. At twelve he became the proud owner of a "Don't turn-in-this-salvage-I-still-drive-it" model. He insists it was not a Stanley Steamer, as he and his partner ran it on lighter fluid for months at a time. When the rims wore down, tires were "acquired." By dint of peddling nine different magazines to long-suffering neighbors, and of carefully refolding the family's "Albertan" and rocking downtown to sell it at a clear profit of \$0.05, he eventually entered the capitalist class and bought his gasoline half-pint at a throw. The E. and G. Director stoutly insists that his present model, "Betsey," is a different creature, but this department remains unconvinced.

Investigation reveals that C. C. was a "backward" child, as his persistent attempts at suicide involved diving backwards under a street car to rescue his cap, backing under the ice-man's team at the age of three, attempting to escape on a northbound train after being chastized for wilfully uprooting the family's cabbage patch at four, and similar episodes. His childhood was brightened by a burning passion to become (a) a fire chief, and (b) a locomotive engineer. It was not until he was attached to an Army medical unit a few summers ago that he felt the urge to snatch towels and back up his fellow-man in mind and body.

This "mind" business came to the fore when he spent the holiday modelling straight-jackets—allegedly as an attendant at Ponoka's mental hospital. (An exciting time was had by all as we recalled the good old days in the psychopathic ward.) Colin still offers to hypnotize all and sundry for a small fee. Most people believe he could, too; consequently he doesn't pay much to Mr. Isley on this part of his income. He likes medical psychology, and hopes to take post-graduate work in it, along with nervous pathology.

Colin's career has been varied. He attended Commercial school, where he won a \$15.00 prize for typing 110 words per minute, became Student president, attempted to increase the prize, and was promptly barred from re-entering, all in rapid succession. He worked as an accountant with an oil company as long as he and the boss could stand it, then resigned in disgust and went to Vancouver, where he dabbled in oil stocks; later rapidly returning to Calgary. Here he worked for the Calgary Light and Power, typing 4,000 meter sheets during every fourth week, and caught up on the comics the rest of the month.

Colin was a pillar of the local church (even sang boy soprano in the civic choir until 18 years of age) until he and the preacher had a little disagreement about delivering a gross of pamphlets. Ever since then, that church has had someone else passing the plate.

Freshmen of 1941 were enlightened by his "science of stude," during C.C.'s first year. Next year he became quartermaster-sergeant in the army squad, and made a suitably cowed "Duke of Plazatoreo" in "The Pirate of Penzance." His melting baritone was often heard over CKUA. It was about this time that he began to have lady trouble—he is still searching for a deaf one!

That summer he attended the officer's instruction course at Currie Barracks, and later worked with a road gang in Turner Valley, and dug ditches at night. This is the period that implanted that Simon Legree manner so essential in the Director of a yearbook.

He became student editor of Evergreen and Gold in his first year Mad, when he used a few minutes off from the stiff lab, he ran an Evergreen and Gold radio program, sang in an overtown musical production, and was concurrently a lieutenant and publicity man in C. O. T. C. This term he is a student member of the Philosophical Society executive.

As the whip cracked over brow-beaten file clerks and copy boys, we discovered that his vices include (1) addiction to rare meat (i.e. warmed on the outside with the hide wrapped around it), (2) singing in a voluminous baritone, not only in the shower but at all times, and the horrible remarks which have become his slogans. A sample, "Two can live as cheaply as one, but only half as long." This is the reason he is, and we quote, "still in a supreme state of single bliss, thank God!"

In sports, Colin shone at first base for the Turney Valley Oilers, beats a mean ball on the tennis courts, and recently ruined his sinus while waddling through a double front clip into the chlorinated waters of Calgary's pools. His studying and exercise are condensed into the last six weeks, when he runs ten miles per day in several shifts, and studies the rest of the time. We have heard that this is a wonderful system if you can bear up through it all. These were all the horrible habits he would admit to, but we have it straight from his roommate that he never presses his pants.

With this character directing the yearbook and the plans that are beginning to settle in the super-heterodyne mentalities around the Evergreen and Gold place of business, we can look forward to a yearbook that is at least different and, we hope, much improved. Heaven and the engravers being willing, it will be given out this spring into the falling hands of the mental wrecks of April 30, 1945.

Freshette—It is so nice of you taking me home. I'm so young and inexperienced.

Soph—Sister, you ain't home yet.

She had asked many questions, and the zoo-keeper considered it too much when she said, "Is that a male or female hippopotamus?"

"Madam," he retorted, "that would only be of interest to another hippopotamus—it's a female!"

VOX STUDENTI

... by YEHUDI

Well, kids, the truth is out at last. Yehudi is going to graduate at Christmas! He really feels quite thrilled about it. This newly introduced half-year course, "How to shove seven month's celebration into three months just in case you don't come back after Christmas '56," is really good stuff. So Yehudi has been cramming for his final quiz before he receives his degree in S.C.R.A.M.

He started out with the Junior Program. No, that weird character in the purple B.V.D.'s who called himself Jack Frost, was not Yehudi. But he was inside one of the snowballs that Jack Frost threw at Ann Miller. Oh! What an opportunity, had not Murray been there to come to the rescue of his heroine. Plowing their way through the snow also were Muriel Buchanan and Eldon Foote, Marion Might and Hu Harries, the Weir family (Gordie and Marg), Dorothy Ward and Al Ross (who were apparently enjoying themselves in spite of the glorified diaper supporting Dorothy's arm). This obviously was no place for a stag, and Yehudi was overjoyed to see Art Hore and Blake Forrest staggering in, so he could join their party. Hi!

One hard night's scabbing was spent on the Engineer's Survey Party. Yehudi arrived just in time to see Duncan Bath win a cup, proving his prowess as a slide-rope slinger. Yehudi fairly burned as he heard the sighs emitted by admiring females as Anatol Roshko stepped up to the mike. That man is running a close competition with Sinatra. After surveying the crowd and making his calculations Yehudi concluded that the estimated answer was correct—the crowd was enjoying itself. Yehudi would like to know how Buchanan manages to keep her Dons, Eldons, and Jacks straightened out. Some day Yehudi would like to make a date with Betty Graham in between a

class. He has given up trying to date her any other time. That Houghton-Stewart combination looked pretty sharp, too. Stan has to keep an eagle eye—can you blame him?—on his girl with Clark around.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder—judging from the serene happy face of a certain cute little blonde in honors chem. Yehudi would like to know how Dolores Kimball and Bob are ever going to get along throughout the long Christmas holiday. Isn't it lucky that Beth Edwards and Ken Simpson live in the same direction—well, it's a consolation anyway. A new diamond ring which has appeared in the Pharmacy Club (that little den of romance) will be causing one Freshie to wish that she were hearing wedding bells instead of Christmas bells.

Among his Math 40, Yehudi turned up two very hard problems:

1. Is the fact that Murray Cowan and Barbara Bunn were down town together the other day, food for gossip or were they helping each other with the Christmas present problem?
2. Where is Bill Clark going to spend Christmas? Home or half-way there?

Now the big news of the week—the Sterling-Harper engagement. Since 6:07 Tuesday night, December 5, Mary Sterling has been wearing a beautiful diamond. The reflection of its beam has appeared on no other face than that of our Union president. Mary's only complaint about an otherwise perfect situation was that the bus called at 6:15 to take them to the Kappa Sig Formal.

Well, Yehudi is almost certain that you won't let him down, and that you'll come through with a good bit of dirt for his first 1945 issue. And that leaves only one thing to be said now—

MERRY CHRISTMAS, FOLKS!

ACCI—DENTS

By Cuspid

On my way past the Conn Memorial Reading Room, I heard two Dents talking about their Ball, held last Thursday, Nov. 16th. It was quite an affair. I suppose everyone has already heard all about it. They say it was the best affair of the year. Of course, the Dent Banquet and Ball always is the best affair on the campus.

Just about then I was accosted by an individual who looked like he

was a candidate for an Aggie course if he could only get the hay-seed out of his hair long enough to pass his grade 5 exams, so that he could gain entrance into the course. He asked me where the Dental Clinic was. I took hold of his sleeve and led him to the door. He told me he was going to get some teeth as he didn't have any. On questioning him, I found out he was born without them, and hadn't missed them until recently, when he tried to clean them and found out they weren't there.

Wishing the old boy well, I made my way downstairs to the Dent

labs, to see what the boys had to say. Well, I found out that the third and fourth year Dents are plugging, or should be plugging, for their finals. The second years are well into their course, and looking forward eagerly to the forthcoming Xmas exams. The first years, too, are almost halfway through their basic training in Dentistry, and can be seen wandering through the halls with Plaster of Paris in their hair and wax under their finger-nails any old time of day.

Well, that's about all for this time. If I don't get caught soon, I might be seeing you again.

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Years
Young!

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DEAR JO

By Ken Crockett

Previous letters on the Hindu custom of burying their dead gave the actual ceremony as practised in Bengal. Here are some interesting sidelights.

When I first entered the burning ghat, one pyre had just been lighted. The man's feet and lower legs (I knew it to be a man, for the toes were pointing to the heavens) were protruding from the pyre like those of a tall man in a bed too short for him. The hungry flames were licking and curling about them, turning the dark brown flash into a ghastly puffed yellow. Considerably later, when next I looked at the pyre, the flames had eaten through the legs, the feet had dropped off, and had been tossed on top of the pyre by the ghat priests.

I haven't a strong stomach for this sort of thing.

The fires burned with an almost smokeless flame, but when the draft did waft the smoke my way, the stench of burning flesh (not unlike that of paper wrapped around bacon when dropped on the fire) combined with the smoke of burning wood, seemed to creep up my nose and find its way into my mouth to form a frothy scum. Every time I walked along the streets of Calcutta that day (Calcutta is one of the smelliest cities in the world) and came across an odor approximating that unforgettable one, my weak stomach turned over yet another time.

In certain regions, no wood is placed atop the dead man. This

gives rise to an interesting superstition, if such you can call it. When a pyre of this type is lighted, the heat causes the muscles of the body to contract. This makes the body sit up in the flames. The Hindus take this to mean that the soul is trying to escape from the body, its earthly home. It is the eldest son's duty to hit his dead father over the head with a mighty blow from a club. This splits the skull and allows the soul to escape. The body, thus freed of the soul's struggle, lies down in the flames again to be consumed. On being married the Hindu couple immediately pray to the gods for a man child so that the father might have a son present at the cremation.

Benares is a particularly holy city to the Hindus. Thousands go there when their time approaches, feeling certain that they will be especially blessed if they die in so holy a spot. Wood is scarce and thus expensive, so cremation is a heavy burden for the poor to bear. There on the crowded banks of the sacred Ganges, it is a common sight to see pyres scarcely three feet high. Naturally enough, this is not sufficient fuel to completely burn away the body. The odd arm or leg left over is either thrown into the sacred sluggish waters of the Ganges amongst the hundred of others; or else a pie dog (i.e., mongrel), covered from nose to tail with sickening running sores and scabs, dashes in to pick it up and go scoging down the narrow crowded alleys with his prize.

Well, Jo, must go. See you next week.

Love, KEN.

People in Glass Houses

Green and Gold Could Use a Little of Gateway "Soap"

Latest gossip has it that all is not well over at the Green and Gold's house. They are putting up a very good front, mind you, but it's common knowledge that the whole structure is very flimsy and might topple down at any time—not to mention the trouble among the Green and Golds themselves. You can't actually blame the Green and Golds entirely. It must be a little disconcerting for a young couple to find a waif deposited on the doorstep of their little dream home, especially when the waif has the unusual name of "Orphan." But they didn't need to take him in and clasp him fervently to their breasts, and generally behave just as though he were their own brain child—and not their predecessors'. But then, of course, everyone can't have brain children.

Then, of course, they were going to guild that big, new, super duper house. At least that's what they announced to all their friends as they collected house warming donations to the tune of five dollars per head. To begin with, they hired more contractors than had ever been used before. This, of course, was a mistake, for too many cooks spoil the broth, so do too many executives make for nothing getting done. Everyone was falling over someone else—but then, that's really none of our affair.

Then there was that new interior decorator they hired—that was his name?—oh yes, Oozy. The Green

and Golds swore by him. He was really supposed to be something extraordinary. Well, maybe he was. No one can really tell because no one has been able to recognize themselves, as yet, in any of the family pictures he took for the front hall.

The Green and Gold also decided they would start something new and have their house finished on time. That was all right if they had gone ahead and done it, but they did so much talking about it—and not so much doing. Well, if they move that deadline much farther back we can expect to see that house finished in time to present it as an heirloom to our grandchildren.

Yes, all is not well in the Green and Gold House. Mind you, they are putting up a very good front, and you'd never really be able to guess the real situation. Which all goes to prove people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

And not only that, but poor Mr. and Mrs. Evergreen and Gold are really feeling the housing shortage. With apparently no housework to do themselves, they have commenced spring cleaning in somebody else's house, without so much as waiting to be summoned for help. This hardly seems the appropriate time of year to commence to clean up in any home, but they have plenty of soap on hand, more than is needed for the baby so probably therein lies the explanation of unseasonable activity.

Christmas in India

By Ken Crockett

Christmas just isn't Christmas without snow. Down under in Australia where the seasons are the reverse of Canada's, December 25 is spent in mid-summer, with parties, going down to the sea for a pleasant day spent swimming and tanning. So in India you have no crisp crunch of snow underfoot, no beautifully decorated Christmas trees, no fairy winter wonderland. Santa Claus and reindeer seem an absurd thought. Christmas morning in India is Christmas Eve at home in Canada, half a world and half a day behind us.

How, then, did we spend Christmas Day in the Tropics? I had fully intended to sleep in all morning, but the rest of the R.A.F. wallahs in our row decided otherwise. They burst into my room garlanded with lovely flowers, Hawaiian fashion, presented by their bearers (servants). After a session of posing for photographs, and still resplendent in our necklaces of colorful flowers, we all walked down to see the football match between the Officers and other Ranks.

Eight of us climbed into the Senior Medical Officer's shiny new station wagon and cruised over to the Officers' Mess, where the officers were entertaining the sergeants. After half an hour of this, during which time Castle downed two glasses of some unknown pink drink

that he called the Service Gargle, we climbed into the station wagon once more to go to the camp where the officers were to serve the air-men their Christmas dinners. We still wore our picture frame of yellow flowers. Everybody was wearing one, from the AOC down to the lowest erk.

We were each assigned a table for eight, and we proceeded to serve up as good a Christmas dinner as you could imagine. Thick rich soup; roast chicken, with dressing, fresh green peas, and potatoes; then Christmas pudding with thick cream sauce; followed by oranges, candy, nuts, and Indian cigars. Each man was given six packets of real English cigarettes and bottle of Canadian beer! The airman were certainly well done by. And they did enjoy it!

By the time dinner was finished, speeches and all, two o'clock had slipped by. We were famished, so we returned to our Mess to eat a hearty meal. The old charpoi (bed) was calling so insistently that it couldn't be resisted. That was how the afternoon was spent.

The evening rounds started rather early. We thought we would let Jo, my monkey, in on the festivities, so we fed him gin and lime with a tablespoon. He drank it like an old soak after the initial persuasion. He put a lot under his belt, but other than make strange faces, hiccup, puff out his cheeks, poke his tongue out of his mouth and wave it around, he showed no apparent effects.

At half-eight we went over to the Mess, where the Italian prisoners of war working there had done a marvellous job of decorating. Streamers high and low, flowers all over the show.

We sat down at one long table which was elaborately set out. Immediately in front of me lay a two-foot square mirror-tray, banked with forget-me-nots, and filled with water in which splashed and darted a dozen little fish. Unfortunately, the tray leaked, leaving the poor fish and Clark's paper boat floundering in the shallow water. We rescued the fish with a spoon and placed them in a glass of water.

Then a none-too-spectacular dinner of nine courses, which was neither too tasty nor too plentiful. After the toast to the King, cigars and

Indian brandy were passed around. Then followed the inevitable toasts. When they came to the United Nations, I was afraid that they were going to toast them all, one by one. Fortunately they got no farther than China.

We then retired to the lounge, where Ted Maeder and an Army ex-professional magician amazed us with card tricks and sleight-of-hand. Though most of us went to bed about evenish, the remainder went to Ted's room and kept us awake until half-two.

It was altogether a very full day and a most enjoyable one. You didn't have time to get homesick or lonesome. The Britishers (there were two lone Canadians) were as grand a bunch of fellows as you could care to meet.

CREATION

In the first year one the world had just begun, and God straightened out the things He'd made. He wanted to be sure that the mountain brooks were pure, and the spots on all the leopards wouldn't run; that the pampas grass was long and the spider's silk was strong; that the money people knew where the coconut trees grew; and the robin didn't steal the skylark's song.

Though nobody was there, He worked with pride and care—and He looked upon the earth He'd made and saw that it was fair, and exceedingly fair.

In the second year two there was nothing much to do, so God thought He'd make Himself some men. The first He made was white but it didn't look quite right (and He knew He wouldn't care for one in blue). So He tried out brown and black till He had them by the pack; then He made a green and lost it—and He's never come across it—and because He liked the yellow best. He made more yellow than the rest.

Though nobody was there, He worked with utmost care—and He looked upon the men He'd made and saw that they were fair, and He saw that they were naughty and would need a lot of care!

—MIA CULPA.

ter, and Eutropia just stood and laughed, and has she ever got a perverted sense of humor, boy-oh-boy!

Well, I was through with women and decided to be a recluse and an authority on manure, so I was studying diligently like the proverbial fiend Sunday afternoon, when the phone rang, and the landlady answered and said, it's for you, Willie, and it was Eutropia, and she wanted to know would I go skiing, and I was weak and said I would, and she said she'd get me some skis and goodbyes, and is her voice nice on the telephone, boy-oh-boy!

Well, there were a lot of other people on the ski hill, and some of them were better than me, and I saw some others who couldn't ski, too, and that junior engineer that Tropie was at the dance with was just herringboning (he said) up the hill, and he gave Tropie a big hello and vice versa, and then she says let's go, Willie, so we both start to ski, and is she ever graceful, boy-oh-boy!

Well, after the third trip I could go all the way standing up if I stuck in my poles to slow me down, and so this engineer wanted to show off, and said let's race, so I said O.K., and Tropie said go and we went, but about halfway down I slipped a little bit or something and started to fall, so I stuck out my pole to stop me, and it just happened to go between this engineer's legs, and was he ever a mess, boy-oh-boy!

Well, that night I took back the skis, and she wouldn't even talk to me, and said she was now going steady with this engineer, and so I am now really studying, and not relaxing nearly as often, and not having any fun either, and I haven't got a girl, but I'll really pull down some marks and be an expert in the field of manure, and will Eutropia be sorry then she was so mean to me, boy-oh-boy!

Yrs. truly, WILLIE.
P.S.—Merry Christmas.

JUST SHOPPING AROUND

By the Square

As a warning to other young freshmen who are innocent of the ways of women, we submit a letter from Willie. This is a public service of The Square:

Dear Editor: Well, like you probably know, it is now December, which means a lot of things like holidays, shopping, New Year's Eve, and exams, so for the last two weeks I have naturally been studying very hard except that once in a while a person gets tired, and when a person is tired of it a person has to relax, so I go to see Eutropia, who needs relaxation too, and is she ever cute, boy-oh-boy!

Well, my studying was doing very well until a couple of Friday nights ago when I was sitting in the library working like the proverbial fiend, when all of a sudden I heard loud voices singing about Lady Godiva and forty beers, and finally I couldn't concentrate, so I packed up my books and went to the door, but when I looked out the rotunda was bulging with people, who looked like engineers, even with shirts on, and I couldn't even get to the door, and Eutropia was there with some other guys and is she ever fickle, boy-oh-boy!

Well, while I was standing there trying to decide how to get out, all of a sudden a character about six feet three and built like a bull, says you look like an Ag student, and before I could duck back into the library, and under a table, I had suddenly found out how to get out of the Arts Building, but it hurt my back a little when I hit the third step and bounced out into the gut-

"ORPHAN" THEME SONG

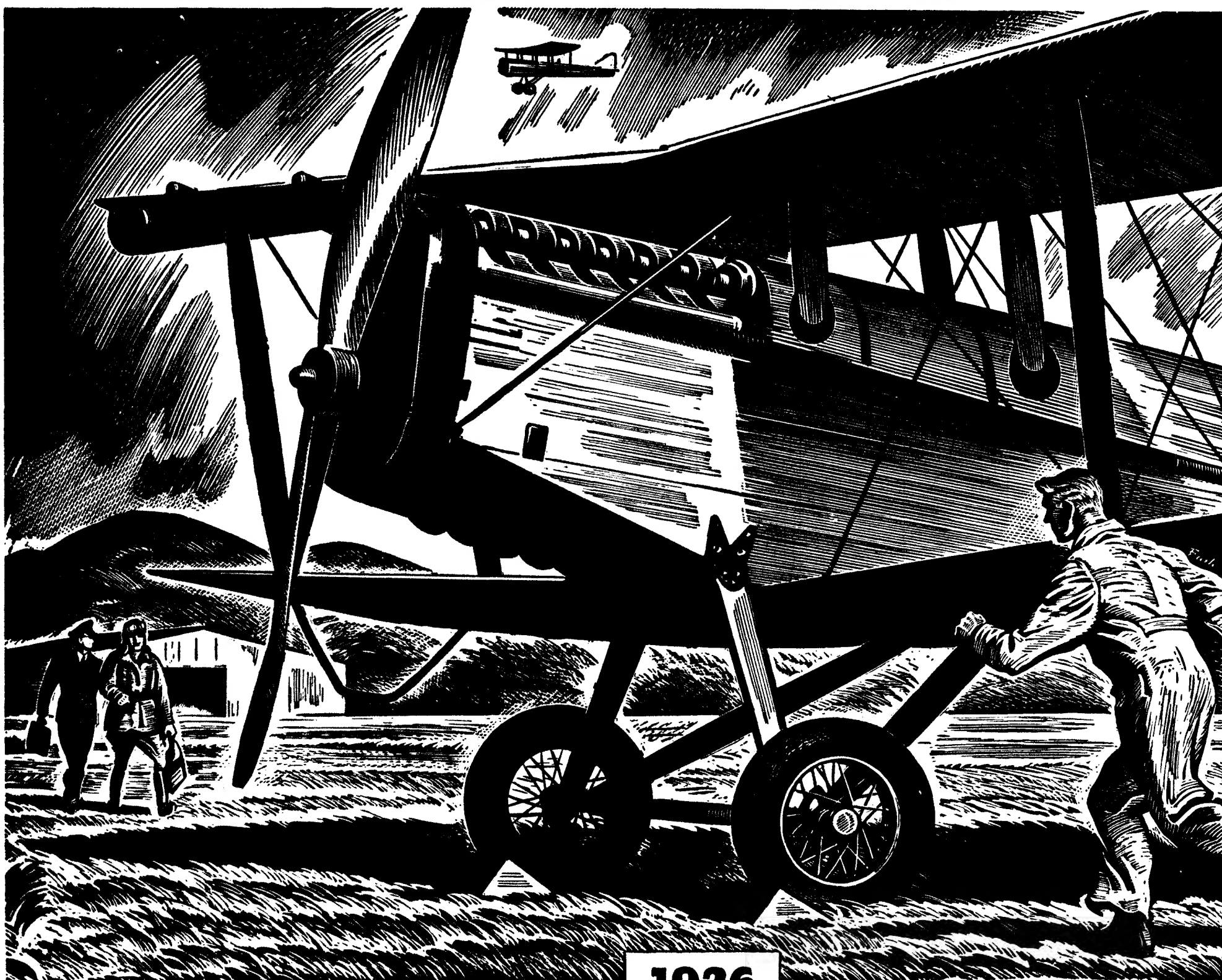
Suggested theme song for that little gem of English literature, "The Orphan" (to be sung to the tune of "You Might Have Been a Beautiful Baby, but we wouldn't bet on it").

I'm the proud offspring of the Green and Gold, I'm just over one year old. My childish prattle warms the heart Of my parents (they think I'm awful smart). My brain's unformed. I'm awful dumb, I'm most developed in my tongue. Can't think. I got no brain at all. But I've developed a powerful howl.

"The Gateway stinks!" I loudly affirm. My parents beam, "That'll make them squirm. This little lad of ours, you'll see, Is a veritable child prodigy."

The Gateway stinks. Perhaps 'tis true, Too many people have too much to do, But to write for it I never could. Even though I'm sure I'm awful good. I must have my separate little hop and jump, And divide what talent's around this dump.

Yes, I'm just a problem child, I simply drive The Gateway wild (At least my parents think I do), I really make an awful phew. To be quite frank, I need, I know, My diapers changed for I've got B.O. But Mama Nix and Papa Sphinx Can't figure out just why I stink.



1926

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THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE PAST IS THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE

Dunc Bath Declared Champion At Annual E.S.S. Informal

On Dec. 1 the Engineering Students' Society of the University of Alberta held their first major function of the year in the form of an informal party in Con Hall. Unbeknownst to most of the 300 people cavorting up and down Con's quivering slats, this party was in reality a farewell to all those Engineers who will not be gracing our noble halls with their presence after the Xmas grind.

The Engineers, believing stoutly in the old adage, that the early worm gets the bird, shifted into high gear at a few minutes past eight, as the lights dimmed and the faithful 200 sat enthralled through thrilling movie "Optics" (any sarcasm surely accidental). With loud cheers the crowd (grown to 202) greeted the end of the enthralling picture, and rushed madly out to the rotunda where Bob Buckley (or Buckwheat, as you prefer), mistaking himself for a baritone, led the singing of some of the better ("better" meaning on a higher moral plane) engineering songs.

As soon as Buckley could be safely turned off, the mob pushed its way back into Con Hall, which soon pulsated to the rhythm of Jack Jacknisky and his music murderers. Strangely enough, the crowd liked the effort, and were somewhat loathe to leave off jittering when Bruce Allsopp, acting the part of master of ceremonies, announced

the event of the evening, the Slide Rule Rub Contest.

With sweat pouring off their feverish brows, the nine contestants struggled manfully with the problems posed by Prof. Morrison. Well oiled slipsticks snickered inanely back and forth 'till, with a mad cry, Dunc Bath declared himself, or rather was declared the winner of the big special cup and the special embossed slipstick case. Anatol Roshko, E.S.S. president, presented the cup and the prizes to the runners-up, second Jack Setters, and third John Linney.

Nuff said, if at this point we simply say that Owen Jones and his barroom quartet "rended" that is rendered, a few ballads in traditional style. Following Jones came the Sophomore Engineering class with their version of slipstick calculation. What with top boots, khaki shirts, broken drums, Doc Sheldon's infinity, a ten-foot slide rule, and two girls (censored and censored), this gang provided a few laughs for the by now hungry crowd.

At the mention of odd the Engineering he-men dragged the lady of their choice off to divers dark corners and put on the feed bag (filled with free cokes, donuts, and dixies). Some even went so far as to reserve particularly dark corners ahead of time.

When a polite interval had elapsed the dance committee of Bruce All-

Education Club Skating Party at Garneau Rink

Did anyone hear the bystanders at Garneau rink howling hilariously Monday night? The reason for the side-splitting was that the Co-ed Club was there trying to skate. Their inability to perform would not have been so noticeable had not the Education Club been there, too. Naturally, the contrast was terrific. However, it must be admitted that the EduKaters, skimming gracefully around the ice, would make even Sonja Henie get up an hour earlier to practise.

After a perfect skate, marred only by the few bruises everyone picked up when they played the "Black and Blue" Danube (joke), the kids all started for Joe's.

There, hundreds of tasty little things were awaiting the gang. There were big beans, medium-sized beans and small beans. Swear Solberg had been opening cans for a solid hour.

If the Sailors at Joe's heard the Cloney quartet, they probably had a sleepless night. 'Nuff said!

Never forgetting their future destiny, that of becoming teachers away out in the country, the kids thought they'd better get hep on the square dances. Peg Haynes gave some excellent advice, but after a demonstration everyone thought they'd better stick to city schools.

Well, 'bye for now. Be seeing you at the next party.

National President Addresses M.U.S.

An M.U.S. meeting was held in M142 at 3:00 p.m., on Nov. 29, for the purpose of presenting the C. A. M. S. I. report of the eighth annual convention of the association.

The Alberta delegates, Dick Corbet, Bob Robertson and Al Mooney, left Edmonton on Saturday, Nov. 4, to attend this conference in Montreal, held Nov. 10-12 inclusively.

At the University of Montreal, delegates representing all Canadian Medical Colleges were welcomed by the Rector, and the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, who in his address stressed the teaching of general practice rather than of specialties. He also stated that graduates in medicine should be younger than formerly, suggesting an upper age limit of 24 years. He went on to agree that "the accelerated course was a rat-race."

The National President, Mr. Jacques Lussier, then took charge of the proceedings.

The delegates toured the campus, and on their return were loud in their praise of the buildings, courses, facilities and organization of the University. Several lectures, visits to laboratories and clinics were arranged for them, together with various entertainments and social functions.

At the business meetings, reports were presented by the delegates, which will be later published in the Camsi Journal. The report by the Alberta delegates was in the form of a survey on conditions in various hospitals, from the interne's viewpoint. The publishing of the Camsi Journal and News Bulletins were also discussed. Further discussion included that on Internships and the functioning of the Canadian Interne Board.

The convention was considered to be definitely successful.

This was the first national convention at which all medical schools were represented. Thirty delegates from the nine medical schools were in attendance. The immediate aim of the Canadian Association of Medical Students and Internes is "one month internship with pay" for returning medical officers, per month spent on active service.

After the reading of the report by Chairman Dick Corbet, Al Mooney supplemented his remarks by mentioning the fact that the next convention will be held in Winnipeg. He stated further that the C.A.M.S.I. had a local unit in every University in Canada having a Faculty of Medicine—not yet with uniformity of organization, but of these Alberta had one of the best.

FLASH! Five minute talks on toleration for Germany (pro and con) will be heard early in January from all those wanting to try out for McGoun Cup debates. Everyone eligible for try-outs. Watch bulletin board in January.

Mission in New Year

On November 30th a decision was made by a committee of students, faculty members and ministers to hold a University Christian Mission at the end of January, of a similar nature to that held last year.

Possible leaders, who are conducting Missions at other universities, are Prof. Gerald Cragg of Montreal Theological College, Mr. Lex Miller of Great Britain and New Zealand, and Prof. Martin of the Faculty of Anatomy, McGill University.

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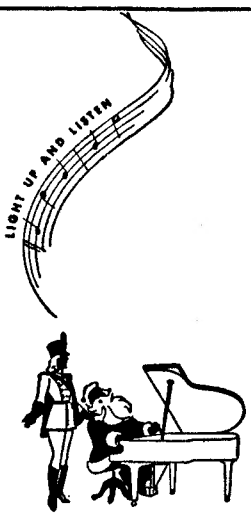
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INCORPORATED 27th MAY 1870

Larue Heads Clothes Drive

There is a situation prevalent in Edmonton of which many students are not aware. There are children who cannot go to school because they have no shoes—mothers who have no decent clothes and not enough money to buy food, let alone clothing. These conditions must be remedied, and it is possible for every University student to help. You have noticed posters and boxes in the Med and Arts rotunda. These cartons are for you to drop in clothing which is no longer of use to you. Please bring all you can—

men's, women's and children's—everything from hats to shoes inclusive. If you have nothing of your own to bring, ask your landlady and other members at your house to help out. Those fortunate ones whose homes are in the city should have literally bundles of clothing for the City Welfare.

We know that this is a difficult time of year to get such a campaign started. At this point we thank all those who have helped thus far.

There is a group of University students working with the City Welfare and with Gerald Larue, City Probation Officer, but these few cannot work alone. They must have your help. You have not failed us before, and you will not fail us now.

Outdoor Club Gala Week-end

The Outdoor Club will sponsor the first week-end on the campus after Christmas. This will consist of some function (at present being worked on by Bob Walker) Friday night, a house dance for the war drive sponsored by the Outdoor Club on Saturday night, and a skating party Sunday.

During the Christmas holidays, when the stumps have been cleared from the toboggan hill, the club will get some toboggans. Anyone wishing to use these or the cabin for an evening, should get in touch with the Bob Walker (Phone 3249) to make arrangements.

Correspondence

Disagrees with Rink Editorial

University of Alberta,
December 1, 1944.

Dear Editor:

Exception is hereby taken to your editorial of Nov. 30, regarding the outdoor rink. We agree wholeheartedly with the general idea. The rink costs far too much for all that can be had from it.

But, Mr. Editor, you said a few things to which some people might object. Is it not the policy of The Gateway to refrain from that sort of thing?

We are in a position to know a little about the rink, both last year and this. We suggest that perhaps you didn't have all the facts in this case at your fingertips, or, if you did, you abandoned some of them in favor of the effect you wished to create.

Your point, we think, is good, but to prove it you have attacked a body which is as fully aware of the difficulties and arguments as anyone. True, the idea should be put across to the student body, but not at the expense of the Council.

You said, "It looks as if the Council has decided to go ahead with the outdoor rink." That's right. It looks that way—to one who hasn't made inquiries. But your inference is wrong. Dead wrong. Council has decided no such thing.

You said that the skaters last year "were generally disgusted with the Council's idea of a skating rink." You're as wrong as it is possible to

be wrong. They may have been disgusted at what they thought Council's idea of a rink to be. But certainly last year's rink was not what the Council wanted, or thought it should be.

You said that, "Building the outdoor rink is a mistake, and always has been." Your inference is again wrong, but not so much this time. The cost of erecting boards and stringing lights is borne by the University, not the Union. What did the Council have to lose by ordering the boards erected? The \$725.00 spent last year includes \$385.00 wages and \$81.00 repairs, and nothing for building the rink. It is not a mistake for Council to have the rink built, as insurance against failure to secure the Covered rink, and in case it is decided that a rink is necessary.

You said, "It is often forgotten that these funds belong to all the students equally." Do you suggest that the Council, which is spending the money, forgets often? Have you ever been at a Council meeting where money was being spent?

You suggest that we either build a good rink or don't build one at all. Since a good rink cannot be built, apparently (for successive Councils have put forth their best efforts in vain), your second suggestion does warrant support. In that we agree.

You said, "Arrangements might be made for the use of a community or the I.T.S. rink, or perhaps even

(Continued from Page 9, col. 4)

LOST

Blue Parker Pen with a life-time guarantee. Return to Maher.

What's The Score?

By Bill Clark

A recent Gateway carried a news item from McGill University, commenting on the sports festival which was held last year, and planned for this. Alberta, we think, could very well attempt such a sports night.

The idea is something like this. Athabasca gym would be the scene, and the show would be a combination of sports. Men's and women's basketball complain bitterly, and with good cause, about the lack of support given their teams. The quality of play this year is good, but one game, especially overtime, is hardly worth going to no matter how good it is.

There would be a double-header basketball game, one women's, one men's, between halves, and between games the floor would be cleared for fencing, wrestling, archery, and possibly boxing. This would give the clubs a chance to get across a little advertising, and to show the rest of the students what they can do.

Nobody has anything to lose, and the scheme might easily attract the fancy of a good many fans.

The Orphan

The Orphan, as all orphans, started out quite innocently. But a good many orphans develop into problem children. The fact that they are there is usually a result of misfortune and bad luck, often bad management.

We think the first and last of these are the reasons for our present day Orphan. It has grown into a problem child. Birth was given to the Orphan a year ago when the Evergreen and Gold felt themselves unable to advertise satisfactorily in The Gateway. The purpose of the Orphan was to advertise the yearbook—little thought was given to whether it needed it or not—to publish deadlines, photo contest, and the like. This it did, at first.

The Orphan thus gained a foothold. Then sensing that some interest was being taken in it, due no doubt to its novelty, the ill-fated infant proceeded to champion sensationalism, and the Students' Council (of course, it had to at that time) and attack The Gateway.

The Orphan was not approved of; merely tolerated. The thing grew, a staff was appointed to handle it; all or any etiquette, ethics, and decency was apparently denied it, until the students now have on their hands a bad-mannered, bitter-tongued, deceitful being with a capacity for nothing but creating dissension and strife.

Under the convenient cloak of anonymity the Orphan has recently heaped upon The Gateway more purely destructive, vituperous criticism than needed, desired or advisable. It attacks, personally, not only the Editor-in-Chief, but most of the staff, who are willing and able to do more than a fair share of the work which has to be done. It suggests nothing to help. It stated only that the writers are all bad, and becoming worse. It is true perhaps that not many of the present staff have brilliant futures as newspaper and feature story writers, but it is quite another thing to whip up a story to meet a tomorrow morning deadline, and do it week after week, as compared with preparing a quarter of a sheet, already half filled with headings and ads, once a month. Furthermore, we should like to know, after reading the article beside "Junior's" editorial, just who is complaining about the literary quality of what?

Admittedly, the author of the headline article is a brilliant and clever writer, but beyond making a misleading, malicious and vicious attempt at creating a malevolent feeling toward The Gateway, what has he accomplished? Only the degradation of what was formerly a dignified and respected yearbook.

If The Gateway subsequently claims the respect of the students, the Orphan would give all the credit to the "energetic campus Engineer." And none to the editor who has made the changes which he thought were necessary to increase the effectiveness and efficiency of the newspaper.

We personally take violent exception to the Orphan's introduction of the main story. The official report of a ways and means committee has been presented to the President of the Students' Union. This misleading and spurious method of introducing, in a serious vein, a fictitious report, and attempting to make it look official, is, we think, bordering on the dishonest. The President of the Union had nothing to do with it. And if he had, he would most certainly not have requested the Orphan to investigate. Who or what is the Orphan to set itself up as a judge or critic of a Union publication? Even if it had any right to look into what would be the Council's business, should it not look first to the sweeping of its own porch?

Realizing that the report is simply one manufactured by the Orphan, the use of the word "we" throughout might well be noted. "We" made several attempts at reinforcements, with little success; "we had the Engineering dept. . . ." Great work, Orphan! Your invaluable assistance is appreciated no end.

The Orphan masthead contains the names of "others wishing to disclaim responsibility for this issue." Combined with the anonymous nature of the editor, that would give one the impression that the above quotation is far more genuine than would first appear. Surely a paper which sets itself up as the official campus critic should be willing to support its views, particularly when they are so warmly expressed.

The Orphan is an unfortunate mistake. Its original purpose was harmless enough. Between all university organizations there should exist a spirit of goodwill and co-operation. Friendly banter is not objectionable, but The Gateway has never given the yearbook cause for such abusive quarrel. The Orphan serves no useful purpose. It has gone too far. Calling the main post of The Gateway rotten—and in headlines—is a breach of ethics, in bad taste, and entirely uncalled for. We are sorry that the Orphan has not remained true to its original purpose, and would suggest that it be discontinued.

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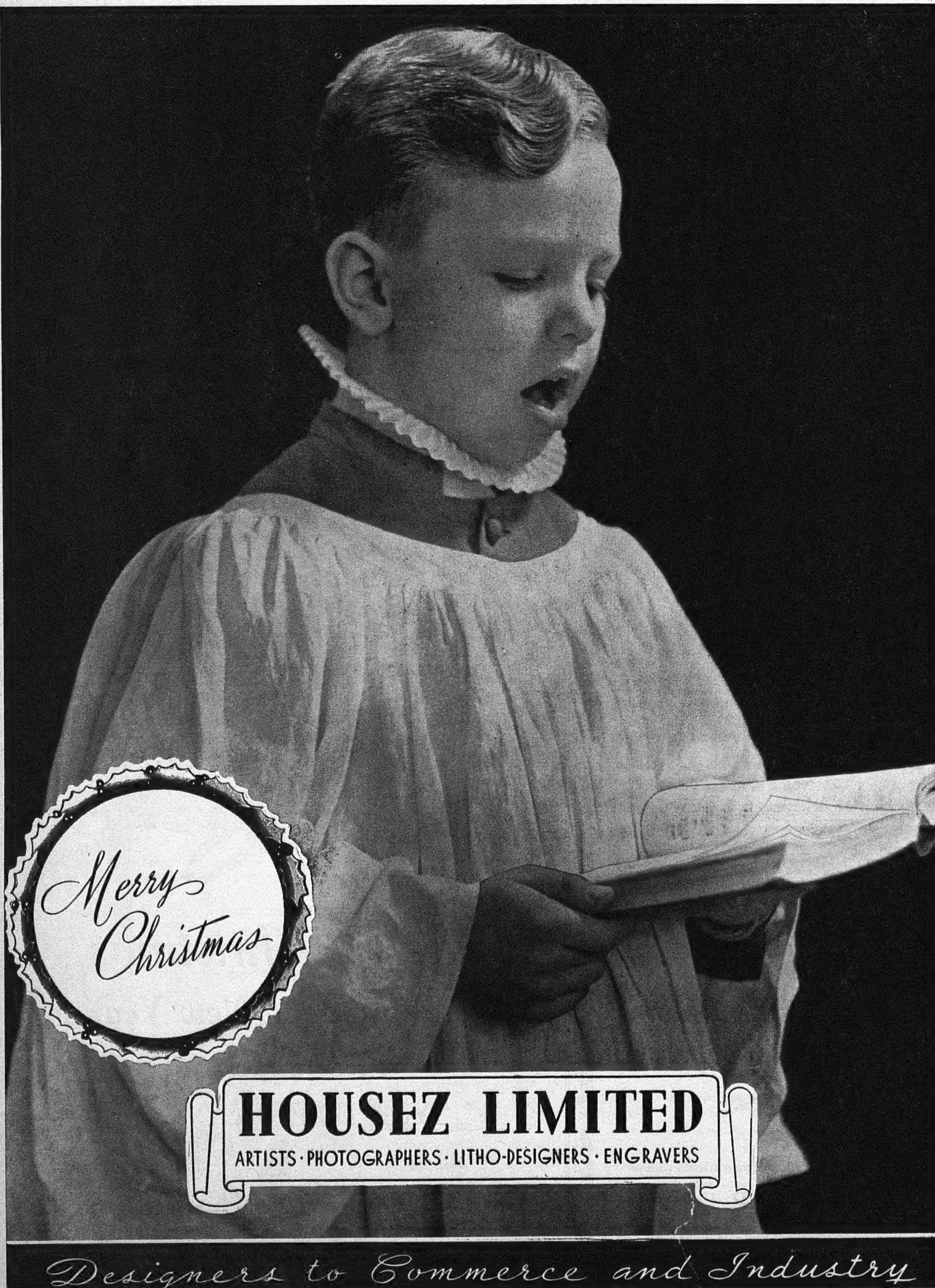
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CORRESPONDENCE

On Varsity Rink

Edmonton, Alberta,
Editor, The Gateway,
Dear Mr. Editor:

In a round-the-table discussion the other night, it was decided that someone should write a few words in support of your editorial on the Varsity rink situation.

Last year the rink cost \$725.00. That was the expense of the rink only. What did the students in general get out of it? They got no skating. The only real attempt at a skating party resulted in the most miserable flop in the year's activity. The turnout was good, but the ice was worse than lousy. Small wonder that everybody went away mad! The Outdoor Club had spent a great deal of time and effort in preparing the ice. Two feet of snow was shoveled from the rink. However, the weather for ice-making was bad, and the icemaker (employed by the Union) was scarcely worthy of the term competent. Whose fault was it? The Union was attempting to give the students their own rink, with free admission. The Outdoor Club made a fine gesture in going a long way past what was expected or required of it. Granted that the employee wasn't the best icemaker in town, but he was the best available. Still, there never was decent ice on the rink. The hockey players grieved about it, and it was a constant worry to both council and the M.A.B. What was wrong?

The answer is that the weather was bad, particularly for a rink which didn't run on a large enough scale to merit constant and careful attention all season long; there aren't enough students to keep an open air rink in operation, even if ice had been good, and there is no hot water available, which is the prime requisite in ice-making.

There is also a serious question as to whether, supposing the weather was suitable for ice-making, and there were a goodly number of

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GOLDEN BEARS ON TOP CITY LEAGUE

Hockey Plans Announced; Three Teams to Compete

Fine Talent on Hand

Plans are being worked out for hockey at the University despite the uncertainty surrounding the matter of just what will be provided by Council in the way of rink facilities.

An Interfaculty circuit will hold sway, as has been the custom for the past three seasons.

President of hockey, Bruce MacKay, in conjunction with League Director Stan Moher, has been hard at work for some time lining up coaches and managers to handle the various clubs that will comprise the campus circuit.

It is pretty definite that the same faculty alliances as of last season will prevail during the 1944-45 schedule. These are Med-Pharm-Dents, defending champions, Engineers and Arts-Ag-Com-Law.

MacKay himself will once more be at the controls of the M-P-D gang. This will ensure successful leadership for this aggregation. In the past three years MacKay, formerly a standout junior as a member of championship Edmonton Athletic Club squads, has led the Med-Pharm-Dents to a pair of Interfaculty loop crowns.

B. Dimock an Absentee
His biggest problem will be that of trying to find a replacement for centre Barss Dimock. The Trail, B.C., nifty is bothered by an ankle injury sustained some time ago—an injury that has proven stubborn about healing. He has stated that he will not be able to make a go of it this winter.

Always well up in the scoring because of the considerable talent he has for making plays, Dimock's loss will be greatly felt by the MacKay men. However, as long as the coach continues to be as effective in this competition as he has in the past, and as long as he has Paul Drouin up in front, M-P-D's will not lack for scoring punch.

Last season's runners-up, Engineers, have the nucleus of a fine, hustling team to start this campaign with.

Jack Setters, coach of the 1943-44 slide-rule entry, has announced his retirement, for the present at least,

HOCKEY PRESIDENT



BRUCE MacKAY

from active competition. "Too much work," is the way the classy netminder from Red Deer explains his storing away of the big pads.

There is just a chance that Setters will stay with the coaching end of things, a decision he is to make at a later date.

Freshman Netminder
The grapevine has it that Engineers' net will be well guarded anyway. Seems that Freshman Ross Jeffries, a Calgary product, is right capable in goalkeeper's finery. It will be his job to fill the high hole left by Setters' retirement.

Of last year's team the following are available: Art Howard, Al Spence, Mickey Hajash, Bill Dimock, Gordie Proctor, Johnny Laurie (who'll manage the squad), Al Ross and Ron Helmer.

Apparently all Engineers need do is to come up with two or three good freshies, and they're away.

Frank Quigley will be able to employ some of his silver-tongued oratory in the next few months in the role of coach of Arts-Ag-Com-Law. The popular Calgarian succeeds John Colter, who did such a fine job as mentor of Arts-A-Com-Law a year ago. Colter is another who can't find the time to crack the whip this winter. It is hoped he will find the necessary time to play.

Schrader Gone
Bob Schrader, Jim Taylor and a number of others are gone from this organization. Coach Quigley may resort frequently to the aspirin box before he irons out a number of manpower headaches resulting from these losses.

Joe Fraser is back and will manage the team. Colter, should he play, will be a real asset. Dave Ellis is a freshman with considerable promise. Archie Campbell is one of the better left-wingers in the University at the present time.

With these as a start, Quigley may well round out a fine aggregation—one capable of rocking the other entries its fair share of the time.

It seems obvious that there'll be enough talent to round out three capable squads. All that remains is for Council to decide what it will offer this season by way of playing facilities.

Until such time nothing more can be done. This much is certain: Med-Pharm-Dents and Engineers will pry the lid off with a game the first Saturday after school resumes in January—providing ice is made available. It is quite possible to run off an eight or ten game schedule (for each team, that is) after the first of January. This will be done if present plans materialize.

It could be a fine hockey season around U of A.

—MOHER

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Arts-Ed in Front Interfac. Battle; Engineers Second

On Friday last the Engineers and the Aggies rang down the curtain on the first round of the Interfaculty Basketball League with a 20-16 win for the Beermen. With this win and their 36-25 win over the Dents the night before, the Slide Rule team took over second place, behind the one team that stopped them and all others, the Arts-Ed team.

Here is the final league standing for the first half:

	W.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
Arts-Ed	4	0	88	53	8
Engineers	3	1	115	73	6
Dents	2	2	70	88	4
Aggies	1	3	42	71	2
Meds	0	4	14	44	0

At the first of the current season the scalpel men figured on entering a team, but after losing their first start to the Engineers, they found it impossible to win, or even get the five men who played in that game out on the floor, so they were forced to default one game to each of Arts-Ed, Aggies and Dents.

Off the pre-exam record, it seems that the two teams to watch will be the powerful Arts-Ed quintet and the fighting Engineers. In Reed Shields and Alex Andrekson the Arts-Ed team have two polished performers under the hoop, while the Engineers have two hard-working forwards in Reed Nelson and "Kirk" Kerkoff, the leading scorers of the loop, to spearhead a strong forward section.

One would perhaps be assuming too much if he said that these were the only teams to watch, for at times both the Aggies and the Dents have shown a degree of brilliance that might bring them to the fore at any time. The Aggies are certainly not the team they were last year, but you never know.

As for the Meds, they have two accomplished players in Roy Spackman and Sandy Gilchrist. It is to be hoped that the Med team will re-organize and stay in the league.

Top scorers of the league are:	Pts.
Kerkhoff, Eng.	48
Reed Nelson, Eng.	27
Leo Lyman, Dents	22
Reed Shields, Arts-Ed	19
Alex Andrekson, Arts	18
Arnold Lesk, Eng.	18
Tommy James, Dent	14
Ty Hoffman, Ag.	14
Rudy Warshawski, Dents	12
Don MacKay, Eng.	11

Credit and thanks go to Don and Del Steed and Nori Nishio, who have performed as referees for the Interfaculty games.

Manager of Men's Interfaculty Basketball, Reed Payne, assures us that the league will be continuing after Christmas, and that probably some of the teams will need restocking. If you have hidden basketball talent, your faculty team can use you.

Team managers are: Arts-Ed, Reed Shields; Engineers, Reed Nelson; Aggies, Hu Harries; Meds, Bert Hall; and Dents, Tom James.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from Page 8)

the use of our own Covered rink." What a brainwave! Nearby community rinks don't lend themselves to hockey. Apart from that, the idea is a good one. It should be. It has existed for several months. The I.T.S. rink, as a little investigation would have revealed, is out because it is expected that Pembina Hall will be occupied, and the rink, situated just outside the living room, is strictly no dice. The next idea takes the prize. The Covered rink. Well, if it were at all possible to get the Covered rink, the Council might consider long and carefully before it decided between the Covered rink and an outdoor pond. Then again, it might not. It would probably be safe to assume that Council has already investigated the possibilities of your three suggestions. Investigated them long ago.

Please do not take us too seriously, Mr. Editor. We like the editorial for the points it brought up. But we have it on reasonably good authority that the Council has by

Don Woolley Leads Bears To Fourth Straight Win

The University Golden Bears defeated Vics 45-31 to win the first half of the City League. The undefeated Bears set a pace in last night's game that showed they have what it takes to win. Don Woolley and Phil Proctor put on a brilliant performance. Don netting 18 points, making his season total 34 points in three games, while Phil in the pivot spot at centre garnered 8 points, raising his season's total to 17 points, in three games. Phil's play-making in the third quarter was certainly up to par, while Don Steed and Don Woolley profited from his well-timed passes.

The Steed brothers, Del and Don, took turn about in this period by dunking the rebounds or looping in ones. This pair copped an even dozen points between them, with Del's 5 and Don's 7. Captain Al (Moose) Manifold played his steady smooth game, taking care of the majority of the rebounds, constantly intercepting passes, and in the meantime piling up six points.

The ace of the evening was Jim MacRae for the Vics. Jim obtained 16 points while playing the centre position, and set a record of sinking 10 gift shots out of 11. His shooting was excellent, and this no doubt is a record for accuracy. Jim was a threat every second of the game, his fast breaking sparking for the Vics. Phil Proctor probably suffered considerably trying to guard him in the first half, without much success, and it wasn't until the third quarter that Phil was able to hold the Vic room. Jim MacRae, in check.

First Quarter
Phil Proctor and Don Woolley opened the scoring by dropping in two quick ones. Checking was very close and heavy, the Vics intercepting and blocking Varsity set-ups and plays. John Boer and Jim MacRae capitalized on fast two-breaking plays, while Varsity retained a one-point lead with Don Steed's free throw. Finally Don Woolley and Captain Al found the hoop to settle the period's score 9-5 for the Bears. The game had started fast, but both teams were a bit cautious, and Varsity was unable to cope with the Vic centre, Jim MacRae.

Second Quarter
This was a duplicate of the first, with the Vics taking advantage of the breaks and the Bears fouling Jim MacRae continuously, who scored 5 out of 5.

What happened in the dressing room at half-time will perhaps remain a war-time secret, along with what Vi Wood said, or how he said it, but it wrought miracles with the Bears. Before the Vic players could find out what it was all about, Don Woolley and Al Manifold each found the hoop. Bill Harvey retaliated for the Vics, and then the Steed brothers put on a shooting display to give the Gold and Green a ten-point lead. Jim MacRae notched one on a set-up plus a free throw. From here on Phil Proctor and Don Woolley took the spotlight. Phil scored from unbelievable angles, while Don set up his business in the corner to sink shots with the gallantry of a schoolboy on a spree. The story seemed to be if anybody misses a long one, just give the rebound to Phil or pass it to Don with his corner stand.

Third Quarter
The passing was timely, the plays clicked, and Coach Vi Wood cer-

no means decided to go ahead with the rink. It received assurance that the erection of the boards would in no way prejudice the students' chances of getting back the Covered rink.

Permit us to say that we think that that Gateway editorial is what the students want to see. We may not agree on every detail, nor should we, but your comments were of interest, to the point, and well received. We just happened to think you were (to put it bluntly, quite) wrong on a few counts.

Sincerely,
"COUNCIL SUPPORTER."

TOTAL INDIVIDUAL SCORES
For First Half of League

Don Woolley	34
Don Steed	18
Phil Proctor	17
Del Steed	15
Al Manifold	14
Eric Geddes	10
Nori Nishio	7
Reed Payne	6
Bert Hall	4

tainly seemed to be able to figure out the answers. The Bears copped 21 points in ten minutes, the best ten minutes of the league so far, to end the period 37-21 for Varsity.

It was the same old story—a third period spurt that cinched the game, repetition of the two previous fixtures played in the schedule. However, the Bears are definitely clicking, and now top the first half of the league, a position that Varsity has not seen for a goodly number of years, and those fans who have seen the boys in action feel that, as a team, they are good, and we have a coach who is putting the finish on them in the best manner possible. So look out, Saskatchewan, they're on the way.

Score:
Vics—Jim MacRae 16, John Boer 5, Bill Price 4, Gordon McCormick 2, John Harvey 2, Pete Shipka, Al Lasowsky 2, Tom Mason, Ken Smith—Total 31.

U. of A.—Don Steed 7, Del Steed 5, Don Woolley 16, Phil Proctor 8, Nori Nishio 1, Eric Geddes 2, Al Manifold 6, Reed Payne—Total 45.

Referees: Gordon McTavish, Tom McLaughlin.

CITY BASKETBALL LEAGUE
STANDING

	W.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
Varsity	8	0	125	76	6
Victoria	2	1	122	91	4
Y.M.C.A.	1	2	76	89	2
49th Battalion	0	3	64	127	0

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Varsity Rink

(Continued from Column 1)
students participating, the \$725.00 would be justified because of the length of the season. Skating before Christmas has always been almost out of the question, for obvious reasons. That leaves part of January, February and part of March—a little over two months. \$725.00 would buy a lot of season's tickets to community rinks which are kept open all season.

Total Cost Over \$1,000

\$725.00 is not all that the ice season cost us. Last year, hockey cost an additional \$350.00 approximately. This year another \$350.00 is budgeted. That makes \$1,075.00 for a rink from which no one besides hockey players receives any benefit whatever. And even these hockey players continue to turn out only because of their love for the game and their faculty. Most of them could play on outside teams—the University would have no objection—and they would not then complain of rotten, dangerous ice.

We see that at best only three hockey teams of not more than ten men—and often less—each, derive any benefit at all from an outdoor rink. The games draw no spectators. Rugby spends only \$400.00 more, has a senior team, uses over 100 participants, entertains a couple of thousand students a number of times, travels to Saskatoon and brings back the Hardy Trophy. How can we justify the expense of the outdoor rink?

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A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever



Photo by Goertz.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO claims that they have the most beautiful co-eds of any Canadian University. We would like to differ with them. Pictured above is a snap of one of Alberta's co-eds, picked at random from our files. This Swiss beauty is a third year Science student, Hermie de Phyffer. News of the contest has spread like wildfire, and rivalry has developed all across Canada. The Toronto Globe and Mail ran pictures of both U. of Toronto and U. of Western Ontario candidates. The winner at the latter university gets a free trip to New York and a chance at Powers modelling.

CHRONICLES OF FLATBUSH

Night Life in Flatbush

by D. H. McCubbin

Even the most loyal Flatbushite would admit that the town might, perhaps, be found lacking in one or two things. For instance, a police force, a fire brigade, a telephone system, a delivery service, electric lights, pavements, sidewalks, a hospital, a doctor, a few two-storey buildings, a road repair crew, a Justice of the Peace, a newspaper, a dentist, a place to swim, a tennis court, and modern plumbing. (The home-town booster might even thoughtfully admit that some of these things would be improvements.) These things may not be found in Flatbush, it is certain, but our Flatbush supporter would dismiss them as mere trifles and would firmly but modestly assert that, "We ain't fancy but you kin bet your bottom dollar there ain't a better little town along the line than this one right here." Yes, indeed. Let Pisa have its leaning tower and Chicago its central sewage system. Flatbush is content. It has its compensations, too. Flatbush has night life.

At half-past nine every evening an air of expectancy may be felt hanging over Flatbush. A sort of suppressed excitement pervades the whole town. The forty-three people who comprise its population gather together in little knots and the knots move in common direction—toward the station. There is unusual activity there, too. Shorty Craig, station master, hotel manager, returning officer, and chief loafer in Flatbush, bestir himself, gets off the barrel which he has been occupying all evening, yawns, stretches, rubs his chin, and looks around at his audience. The first act in the nightly production of the Flatbush Little Theatre with the Grande Prairie ten o'clock as the star performer and Shorty Craig as property man, is about to begin.

First, Shorty strolls slowly and deliberately to the baggage half of the two-roomed structure which serves as a station. With the air of an art collector about to unveil a rare old Rembrandt, he slides back the door of the baggage compartment. He steps inside. A pause. There is a fluttering and squawking from the interior of the shack. Shorty appears carrying a crate of chickens. From his manner as he sets the crate down on the platform outside, one would not be at all surprised if, when he stood up and turned around, he bowed to thunderous applause.

Chickens are not always the outgoing freight from Flatbush. Flatbush freight might

consist of anything from a sack of potatoes and a crate of eggs to a pair of South American beaver from Mr. Jacobi's fur farm and a bed spring old Mrs. Dagg is sending to her daughter to relieve the shortage caused by the arrival of the latest baby. It does not matter what it is. Flatbush is interested.

Shorty now takes his position beside the track and close to the freight. His audience shift from one foot to the other. Conversation, which was loud and boisterous at the beginning of the evening, now drops to a tone like the excited buzz which precedes the raising of the curtain in a play. Old man Schlick knocks the ashes out of his pipe. Mrs. Sawkaski shifts the baby from her right to her left arm and sticks an old cotton-stuffed nipple in its mouth to keep it quiet. Shorty Craig pushes his cap farther back on his head and hitches up his pants. Flatbush is ready for the second act.

A long whistle, a plume of smoke, a distant rumble and the chief actor in the nightly Flatbush dramatic presentation rolls around the bend. The Grande Prairie daily has arrived. Shorty Craig nearly bursts with importance. The highlight of a day in Flatbush is at hand, and he is the central figure in the great drama. With wide, sweeping gestures he signals that the train should stop. He nods to the baggage conductor with the air of a man used to exchanging the time of night with the great of the world. He carefully swings the freight into the car. The baggage men carelessly dump out half a dozen cream cans, some new parts for Mr. Schneider's binder and the mail bag. Flatbush gapes at the passengers. The passengers yawn in the collective face of Flatbush. In two minutes it is over. With a disdainful snort and a bored whistle the star of the evening's entertainment shunts off to continue its triumphal tour. Flatbush has had its moment. Bed is the last act in the Flatbush day.

The railroad is the chief but not the only attraction Flatbush has to offer. No, indeed! Flatbush has a river. The casual observer might not think this very remarkable, but the presence of a river has a profound and important effect on Flatbush. It gives them an air. The river to the average Flatbushite is a sort of composite embodiment of the Taj Mahal, Brighton, and the hot springs at Banff. Flatbush can hold its own with the great cities of the world when it comes to local attractions.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

CHRISTMAS

by Scrooge

Christmas is the most universally celebrated festival in the world. There are very few people in this age, in any land, who are not acquainted with some form of Christmas celebration, and with the story of the first Christmas.

But what has happened to Christmas through the nineteen hundred years since Christ lay in the manger? How did Christmas become associated with December twenty-fifth? With Christmas trees? With great feasts? Where did the holly and mistletoe come from? The carols? Christmas cards? nuts? candies? and impressive church services?

In many countries Christmas grew up with, or out of, celebrations of pagan worship. There were various festivals to mark the shortest day of the year, festivals to the sun-god, feasts for Yule-time, when the Yule-log was burned even before Christ was born. There were various other celebrations of peace and goodwill. Much of the pagan worship remains today in celebrations of Christmas.

For several hundred years, theories regarding the date of Christ's birth were numerous, especially in the Near-Eastern countries. December twenty-fifth was suggested from various sources, and about the year three hundred thirty-six, the Church of Rome decided that the twenty-fifth of December was to be the date upon which Christ's birthday would be celebrated.

The evolution of the Christmas tree is even more vague than the date of Christ's birth. A receptacle for holding gifts was introduced into many countries, and about the same time, branches and foliage of trees were used for decoration. The first Christmas tree, as we know it, seems to have appeared in Germany about the time that Luther lived. Some people even credit it to him. The evergreen was symbolic of the Tree of Life.

Santa Claus has various forms. In Italy in the fourth century, St. Nicholas appeared in the person of the Bishop of Myra, to give, anonymously, gifts to the poor. St. Nicholas became the patron saint of boys. Not to be outdone, the girls found a patron in the martyr, St. Lucy. In Switzerland, Father Christmas with his red face and white beard, has as his assistant a wife named "Lucy." Swedish families choose the prettiest girl in the house to impersonate St. Lucy. In Germany Santa Claus is preceded by Knecht Rupert, who, in frightful disguise, visits each house, terrifying naughty children. Santa Claus needed an assistant in Norway, and Kris Kringle with his reindeer came into the Christmas tradition. Russian children thank an old woman, Babuska, for their gifts. Father Christmas personifies Noël, the festival of good news, in France; in some districts he is referred to as "Le Bon Jésus." Similarly in Germany the giver is often "Das Christ-kind"—the Christ

Child.

Of course, feasting, revelry and liberality have been the main part of the Christmas celebration for centuries. In early Roman times the liberality included days in which slaves were waited on by their masters. The feasting period usually included huge gifts of food from the nobles to the tenants of the land. But when a nobleman of the eighteenth century ordered a "mince" pie he really got something. One pie ordered in London was nine feet in circumference, and weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds.

Kissing under the mistletoe might be reminiscent of the days when mistletoe was considered sacred. If enemies met beneath it, they laid down their arms until the following day. One berry of the plant is supposed to be plucked off with every kiss. To make the ritual authentic, the mistletoe must be cut with a gold knife.

Drama, carols, Christmas cards, have been added to the many devices used to make Christmas what it is today. But—what is it today?

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it does it brings good cheer."

Is that Christmas today? Coming but once a year? Does not Christmas signify the birth of the Christian spirit? Christian brotherhood? The Christmas spirit comes but once a year? So often, too true!

"And brings good cheer." Does that mean the eating, drinking, sensual enjoyment of Christmas? Does it mean receiving gifts? Does it refer to the paltry little trickle of charity that is grudgingly, dutifully given? Surely the quotation does not refer to the work, expense, and trouble that precede December twenty-fifth?

"Christmas comes but once a year." But it has been coming once a year for nearly two thousand years, to millions of people in countless homes, in scores of countries. As we look around us today at the misery, selfishness, bloodshed, surely we must admit that the essence of Christmas has eluded mankind.

Christmas is not mainly a religious celebration. Christianity is not mainly a religion; it is a way of life. Christmas is the remembrance of the birth of Christ. Christ was not born in a huge cathedral with choirs and pipe organs around him; He was born in the lowliest shelter man constructs; He lay on straw—the cheapest bedding, in swaddling clothes; an ox and a mule, two of the humblest creatures, were his room-mates. The birth of Christ was to be the birth of Christianity: humility, peace, goodwill. If peace comes to this battered old world, that fundamental concept of Christianity, The Brotherhood of Man, must be more universally applied every day of the year, and not just haphazardly dusted off and displayed on December twenty-fifth.

Let New York have Broadway and Edmonton the High Level Bridge. Flatbush has a river.

This river is not particularly big. It has no rapids, no falls, and very little beach. It has two banks, a very muddy color, and an unusual profusion of mosquitoes. The banks are lined with willows behind which grow poplars and jack pine. At one spot there is a sand bar on which one may stand look at the water. The river is not swift enough to be beautiful, not slow enough to swim in, not high enough to be dangerous, not low enough to ford. There is no bridge at Flatbush, for there is nothing on the other side of the river but thicker bush. But these things are unimportant. The point is: Flatbush has a river, and one can go to it.

Now the question naturally arises: Who are the chief patrons of the Flatbush river? It is evident that Flatbushites and their families could go there for a picnic, but no true Flatbushite or his family would waste a good working day in such a fashion. One or two loafers like Lutz Lorenz or Shorty Craig might steal away now and then to spend a day fishing, but their example is not followed by any but the very lazy or the very old. It is reasonable, since there is nowhere else to go, that the children of the district might often play at the river. But this is not so. Flatbush parents have, like most other parents, a mortal fear of rivers in connection with their children, and they can generally provide their offspring with enough tasks to do at home to keep them occupied without river visits. No, these are not the patrons of the Flatbush river. It is in couples and generally at night or on Sunday afternoon that the youth of Flatbush visit the river, and this fact is the source of no end of discussion in and about Flatbush. Yes. It may seem hard to believe, but this placid, undistinguished, muddy little stream is really a cesspool of sin.

It does not matter what one does at the river. One may sit on the bank and throw stones in the water, or clean one's nails, or count one's mosquito bites. That makes little difference. If one has been seen setting off toward the river in the company of another person of the opposite sex, one may as well resign oneself to a reputation. There are things one may do and things one may not do, and visiting the river falls into the latter cate-

gory. However, this does not seem to worry Flatbush youth particularly. They are philosophical about the whole matter. It is almost impossible not to acquire a reputation around Flatbush if one is to have any fun at all, and acquiring a reputation at the river is as good as any other way. As the river cannot be removed very easily and the character of youth and the trend of gossip does not generally change much, we can safely assume the river will remain the crowning glory, the wonder, the temptation, and the curse of Flatbushites for many years to come.

O Canada

There's a land so far away,
And it means the world to me;
It's Canada, the land of peace,
The land so pure and free.
I love it all from shore to shore,
From sea to flowing sea,
And it's Canada this land of mine,
The only place for me.

Oh Canada! Oh Canada!
Our land of faith and pride,
On whose shores all freedom dwells,
For which our fathers died.
And I often sit and fondly dream,
In peace secure from fear,
In that Canadian home of mine,
The land I love so dear.

I've travelled far and I've travelled wide
And there's one thing I know,
There is no place like Canada,
No matter where I go.
The Maple Leaf's our emblem—
Freedom is our song,
And I'll return to Canada
Before so very long.

Oh Canada! Oh Canada!
Blue azure skies above,
A land of peace and plenty,
The land I dearly love.
So here's a toast to Canada,
My home, my native land,
Her praises loudly I will sing,
'Till I return again.

By Pte. H. R. (TEX) BLOVE.

A SHORT STORY

The White Peacock

by Sverre Solberg

The boy dashed out of the house, the screen door banging behind him, and across the yard. When he crawled under the gate, he was in such a hurry that he didn't duck low enough, and a barb caught in his shirt and held him. He swore, then tried vainly to squirm free. He'd probably be late for school already without this happening. The barb held, and he had to jerk himself loose, tearing a small rent in his shirt. He picked up his dinner pail again, and ran down the lane. Oh, he'd never make it—never! He'd have to stay after school. He'd have to sit there doing some great long multiplication and division questions and check them and listen to the lessening whirr of buggy wheels and fading shouts as the others left for home. Worse, the teacher had threatened to start strapping the lates. Of course, maybe, she was just bluffing. Teachers often just bluff. Maybe she wasn't just bluffing. Maybe she meant it. Mabe she'd start today. "Oh, I-just-can't-be-late," he said under his breath as he hurried on. Oh, he'd never make it.

If only he could have cut across. But there was Johnson's flax field. He wasn't supposed to cut across a field. But supposing he did it just this once. It couldn't hurt much, just once. He wouldn't tramp down much anyway. Not him, just a boy. Johnson was a pretty nice man. He wouldn't mind just this once, and maybe he wouldn't miss him. Why, here was the very place to start cutting across! He wouldn't be tramping down any flax for a hundred yards or more!

Running into the field from the lane was a grassy slough. There was no water in it now, but every spring there was, and so it and the ground immediately around it had never been broken. As there had been plenty of moisture there and the slough was never grazed till after harvest, the grass grew verely tall and green there. The boy sometimes went there on summer afternoons to pick blue beard-tongue and wild roses. Sometimes wnen he saw an ant or other insect hurrying along among the grass stems, he would lie down and put the side of his head as close to the ground as he could and try to imagine what a great forest the ant must think it was in. It would be very exciting to be in a forest like that. He had seen pictures in books in the school library where men were about the same size in real forests as the ant was in the grass. That must be strange, to be among trees at least ten times as high as the windmill at home.

But this morning the boy didn't think of these things. He hurried across the slough till he came to where the flax stood again. It grew there, slender and tall, with the nodding heads

just ready to open into bloom. Some of the sky-blue flowers were already out. Here the boy stopped, very suddenly.

In front of him in the flax was a bird. A bird which was unlike any he had ever seen before. It was large, as large as a turkey hen, and white. Not pure white, for there were a few specks or bars on it. It had a very long tail, much longer than itself, which almost dragged behind it. On its head was a cluster of little white feathers almost like a crown. He stood very still, and the bird moved gracefully through the nodding flax. He was surprised, but he didn't have time to watch any longer, and started off again, faster. Oh, he'd be late for sure now.

He was late. The teacher gave him quite a scolding, and he had to do arithmetic questions after school, but he didn't get a strapping. Anyway, that was something. He had intended to tell the teacher about the bird, because she was anxious that the pupils should tell her about any new birds they had seen and describe them so she could find out what they were and name them, but since he was kept in, he decided not to. That would be paying her back some.

When he got home, his mother was cooking doughnuts. He went over to the dish-pan on the chair and picked a warm doughnut off the brown paper.

"Shall I help you, Mother?" he asked. "Why, yes. Here, you turn them, while I roll out and cut some more. Were you late today? I thought so. So you had to stay in. And you've torn a hole in your shirt!"

"Mother, I saw a funny bird today. Down in the slough in Johnson's flax field. It was white with a few specks and had a very long tail, as twice as long as the rest of it, and a tuft of white feathers on its head. What kind of a bird do you think it was, Mother?"

"You probably saw a prairie chicken."

"But, Mother, it couldn't have been! It was as big as a turkey hen."

"Well, then, it must have been somebody's white turkey hen."

"But it didn't look like no turkey hen. It was a lot whiter, and no turkey hen has a tail like that, or feathers on its head."

"You must have been in such a hurry you didn't see it plainly, and then just thought afterwards it looked like that."

"No, Mother. I saw it just as plain. Isn't there any bird like that around here?"

"Not that I can think of. Certainly not around here. Watch out, you're burning the doughnuts!"

So he wasn't believed. It made him quite angry. He knew he'd seen a bird like that.

Some day he'd see it again. Maybe he'd be able to show it to them. Then they'd see. He hoped he'd see it again.

Some time later he came across a picture of a peacock in a book in the school library. It looked exactly like the bird he'd seen, except that it had been white. He showed the picture to the teacher, and asked:

"Are there any white peacocks?"

"Yes," answered the teacher. "Why do you ask?"

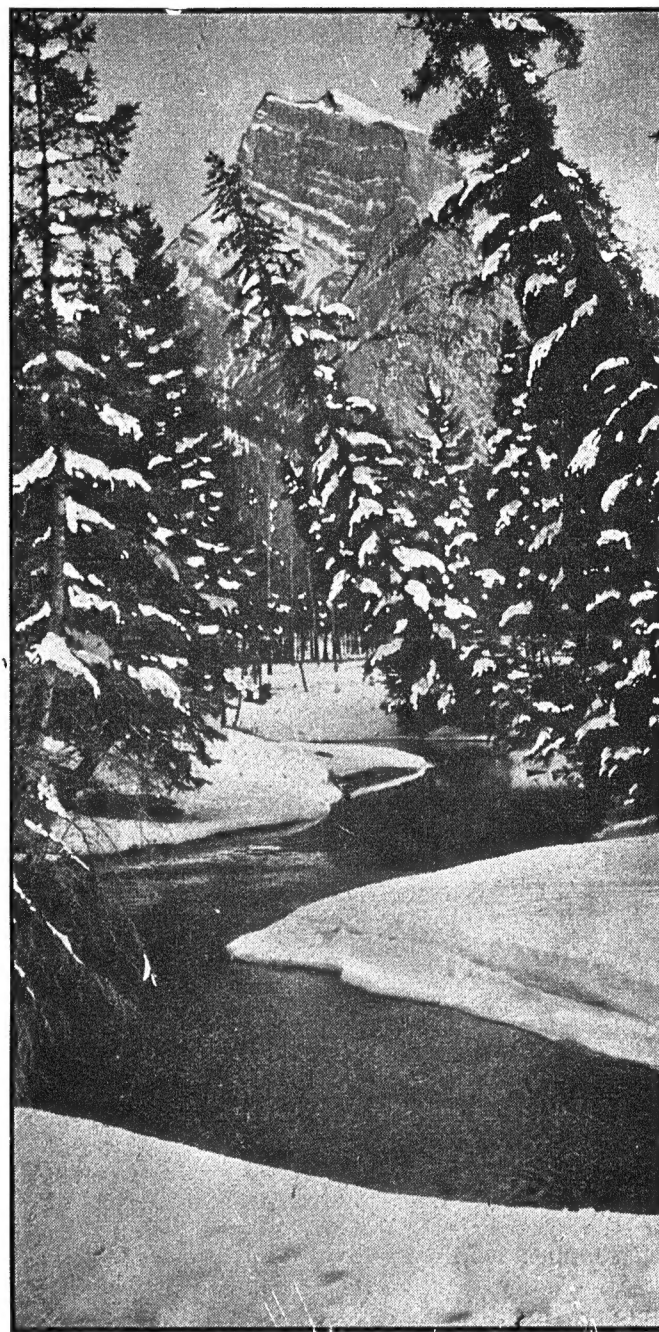
"Oh, nothing," he mumbled. He knew then there could have been no white peacock there in the flax field. He wondered.

* * * * *

Something wasn't right. Something was wrong. Was he in the wrong place? This heat, these scraggly trees, these rocks. Was he in the coulee near home where they picked berries? No, that wasn't it. Something else was wrong, too. Some part of him wasn't on right, or something. He'd have to think clearly now to get it all straight.

Then, all at once he saw it again. There was the white peacock! Was he in the flax field again? He wasn't sure, but there was the bird, anyway. Ha! He knew he'd see it again some day. He had said he would. The peacock turned and came slowly, gracefully, proudly towards him. This time he'd show it to them so they'd believe him and not think he was just imagining things. He'd call his mother so she could see for herself. "Mother!" he called, "Mother!" He tried to get up to run to her. "Mother!" he called again. Why didn't she come? Didn't she hear him? Somehow he was still lying there. Funny, it was just like in those dreams when you desperately want to do something and you can't.

The white peacock was coming closer now.



use his knowledge of some particular part of the world, usually that part in which he had grown up. These topics included: Europe, Latin America, The Far East, and the British Empire-Commonwealth. The second selection of topics had no geographic limitations. The committees on these topics were called: The Economic Commission, The Commission on Minority Problems, The Public Opinion and Propaganda Commission.

The man who conducts the three hour lectures three mornings a week does more than lecture. He must be a very capable man. Dr. Klotsche, Professor of History, University of Wisconsin, Dean of Milwaukee State Teachers' College, is such a man. Young, clever, enthusiastic, he obviously enjoys associating with young people. Because of the informal, summer-resort type of life, Dr. Klotsche was called upon to participate in group activities. But at the same time he must not give up that touch of dignity necessary to act as provost for student conduct. His task of administration was eased greatly by the help of his very capable wife, and by the energy and ability of Mrs. Hadden. His lectures were fine examples of what a man can do who is not afraid to face issues, and who is willing to submerge national prejudices in order to teach international concepts.

English naturally was the language used to conduct the business of the Institute. English spoken in the matter-of-fact tones of an Anglo-Saxon is not a colorful language. It acquires a picturesque quaintness when spoken by some enthusiastic young student whose native tongue is Chinese, Belgian, French, Dutch, Austrian, Polish, Hungarian, Hawaiian, or Spanish. A young South American doctor struggled bravely with English words, but the one Spanish word that he never surrendered was the simple little affirmative, "si".

If English was the language of business, it

It seemed to get bigger and bigger. That was strange. Was it because it was coming closer or was he imagining it? He remembered how once when he was quite small, he had visited a playmate who took him to see the geese, and they had been as big as he. As he grew up, he'd often wondered why, because the geese seemed much smaller now. It had been a long time before he realized that it was because he had grown while the geese had not? But was this like that?

The peacock was so close he could touch it now. Why, it must be tame! They must see it! "Mother!" he called again. Then it was very close to him. It must be holding its wing over him. All seemed white. That feeling must be the touch of its feathers. It was as soft as falling snow, and had the coolness and warmth of a loved hand. It made him feel like sleeping . . . he fell asleep.

* * * * *

The young orderly stooped by the stretcher and pulled the khaki blanket over the face. "Funny, isn't it," he said to the doctor, "how many of them call for their mothers."

The older man nodded, almost vacantly, and looked up through the gray green of the olive trees as a roll of gunfire sounded from up the road. "They would start up again now," he commented wearily.

was not the only language used. An American boy once trying to carry on a conversation, found that all around him discussions were taking place in half a dozen different languages. Jokingly, he turned to one of the Canadians and said, "This is the first place I've been where English was the foreign language."

But the variety of languages offered a fine opportunity for students to do some incidental study. The girl who spoke French with a delightful accent, partly French and partly the English of old country teaching, was an excellent tutor for those who wished to improve their conversational French.

Language classes were conducted by students in the so-called free time of the afternoons and evenings. Afternoons and evenings became as busy as the mornings. Committee reports made necessary hours of study and preparation in the cool colonial house that served as library building.

Perhaps the most popular evening pastime was the organized, or impromptu discussion group. Another programme that never lost its popularity included Hawaiian dances, and songs sung in foreign languages.

Sunday afternoon usually found a guest speaker at the Institute. South America, Britain, China, India, Europe, the Bretton Woods Monetary Conference, Post War Aviation, the International Labour Organization, were some of the world influences discussed either in the Sunday afternoon talks, or in evening fireside discussions which some speakers found more conveniently worked into busy time-tables. Discussions followed each talk.

Enthusiasm, energy, and goodwill were the keystones of student life at the Institute of World Affairs. The students left the eight weeks' course, some to return to their universities, others to accept employment in political, economic, or international offices. To the students who attended the Institute, the activities there were an experiment in a life based upon internationalism. As such, the Institute was an outstanding success.

But, assuming that education can be considered from a business standpoint, is such an Institute a success? Although the students did not bear much expense, money is required to conduct a conference. Suppose Canada, along with other nations, decided to carry on similar interchanges of students, what would be your reaction as a taxpayer? Such an Institute might cost the individual taxpayer one or two cents a year. That money would enable forty or fifty young people, not necessarily university students, to live a course in international co-operation for eight weeks. Is the price too high?

Winter Fancies

Winter without

And warmth within
The winds may shout
And the storm begin;
The snows may pack
At the window pane,
And the skies grow black,
And the run remain
Hidden away
The livelong day—
But here—in here is the warmth of May!
Swoop your spitefullest
Up the flue,
Wild winds—do!
What in the world do I care for you?
O delightfulest
Weather of all,
Howl and squall,
And shake the trees till the last leaves fall!

The joy one feels,
In an easy chair,
Cocking his heels
In the dancing air
Theat wreathes the rim of a roaring stove
Whose heat loves better than hearts can love,
Will not permit
The coldest day
To drive away
The fire of his blood, and the bliss of it!
Then blow, Winds bow!
And rave and shriek,
And snarl and snow
Till your breath grows weak—
While here in my room
I'm as snugly shut
As a glad little worm
In the heart of a nut!

RILEY.

A RADIO TALK

An Experiment in International Co-operation

by J. E. Gander

Schulte Hall is tucked away unobtrusively in the Berkshire Hills in Connecticut. For eight weeks this summer, students of fourteen nationalities lived there to study world problems.

The Institute of World Affairs, as the conference is called, is one experiment in international co-operation and understanding. In 1924, acting on the suggestion of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hadden, arrangements were made to assemble students representing a variety of nationalities, at Geneva. There, right in the atmosphere of the League of Nations, they studied and discussed the turbulent affairs of the world. Annual meetings followed.

Since the outbreak of the present war, Geneva has been no longer a suitable meeting-place. The beauty of New England was substituted for the splendour of Switzerland. The war affected the selection of students. The limitation of choice was a handicap, but even so, a very international group was assembled. European students were in attendance. Many of those students had seen Nazi occupation; some had escaped under the very rifles of Nazi guards.

I have mentioned that Connecticut is the present site of the Institute. The choice of the site is very important. The Institute must be located within easy reach of busy speakers, and near enough to reference material to facilitate studying. But it should be away from the diversions and heat of the city. Twin Lakes was a wonderful choice. Just four hours by train from New York City, the beautiful summer resort offered a cool, quiet atmosphere for study, and healthy outdoor exercise for the relaxation so essential to efficient work.

The students who gathered there did so because of a common interest in world affairs. One of the peculiar features of the Conference was that no matter where a group of students happened to come together, there was likely to take place a discussion of some phase of current problems, either national or international. The Canadian students, for example, spent at least six hours in formal reports and discussions, and many more hours in informal, chance conversations, supplying information, correcting misconceptions, and assisting the other students to evaluate Canada, the British Empire, and the Commonwealth. I recall the times that a Chinese student and I walked from Schulte Hall to the boy's residence, and I tried to explain to him that the King did not govern Canada or England. As we approached the door of the residence, he

would smile so that his eyes were completely closed, his whole manner radiating thousands of years of Chinese philosophy, and then he would shake his head in denial. Finally he accepted my explanations, but his practical mind never completely understood them.

If the students came with common interest, there was not always complete agreement on every topic under discussion. But we did respect the first-hand information that was presented to us. To the girls from Poland, the dispute between Polish officials in Russia and those in England is something more than an international situation. A French Canadian boy could present some aspects of our Canadian difficulties which we don't often consider. A student from Hungary had seen the youth of a country grow up in very different circumstances, and with very different opportunities from those we have in Canada; they arrive at maturity with a very different outlook on the world picture.

We worked, played, and lived together. From the time the bell rang at seven o'clock in the morning, until the last discussion ended late at night, the student's life was a rush of activity. Each student had some duties for which he or she was responsible. The work was done on a co-operative basis, with a weekly re-arrangement of tasks so that every opportunity would be given the student to work with all of the other members in turn.

At nine o'clock the students either assembled on the sunny, open-air porch to hear an informal lecture-discussion by Dr. J. Martin Klotsche, or else they assembled in three or four groups in different rooms to work as committees organized to study particular topics. Three hour reports were presented on each topic studied. Each report, as it was presented, was discussed. At no time in the entire eight weeks did the students have to surrender the right of discussion, criticism, or disagreement. If the discussion of a report took more than the three hour period, an evening discussion was arranged. The stand taken by the student presenting any section of a report took into account the arguments put forth by the members of that committee. Hours were spent evaluating statements made in committee meetings, and the opinion of various writers. Each mail brought more material in the form of books, papers, or pamphlets to be used by one committee or another to make its report more complete. Each student worked on two commissions, four weeks on each. One set of topics was intended to enable the student to

A WARTIME BRIDE

Challenging Interlude

by E. S.

Let us to the marriage of true minds admit a great many impediments. We travel a long courageous road before we experience a fusion of kindred spirits, a union of true minds. Marriage is an ideal, and the striving toward it necessitates the overcoming of many obstacles in strange and sometimes unrecognizable forms. War, bringing separation between man and wife, is perhaps one of the most serious obstacles. But, although it may seem to cast a dark shadow on the path, surely even war is not an insurmountable barrier.

To those of you whose constant worry is: "Will he love me when he comes back, will he have changed very much", I say, Quit building your house on sand. He too may be wondering the same thing and pondering a little on just what you do with your lonely evenings. And that is no way to build a marriage. You have no guarantee, of course, that he will love you when he comes back. Have you any guarantee that you will love him? All you can do and all he can do is to keep alive your mutual desire to strive toward a successful marriage; and if you keep that desire, nothing can come between you. He will have changed and will come home a different person, a finer and more mature person. But you will have changed too. You're not content to remain just as you were when you said good-bye? You will have ample opportunity, if you make the opportunity, of matching the growth of your husband.

Beware of those kind souls, with a gossipy flair for the melodramatic, who caution you to expect to meet a complete stranger when the war ends and your John comes home. "He will have had dark and terrible experiences which you can never share," they warn you. "And he will have made enduring friendships you can never know anything about." And one dear soul said to a war-frightened young bride, "He will come home from the bloody battlefields of Europe to you, in your new red dress." To which I reply, "Of course he will, and you in your new red dress is exactly what he wants to come home to." Beyond any doubt, he will come home a man of many memories. Memories that may sear and burn and trouble him in many a dark hour, and you will need all the patience and courage you have to help him. That is what you are there for. In time these memories will cease to trouble him. He may not entirely forget them, but the psychological law that unpleasant things retreat from our consciousness will do its blessed work here as elsewhere. In the meantime, until this adjustment takes place, unshared experiences, in themselves, should not be a barrier between you. After all, your husband will never experience the blood, sweat, toil, and tears of childbirth. Should he then despair of ever knowing your soul?

In the meantime, until he comes home, yours is a stern opportunity, a challenging interlude. Many of you married before you had a chance to try your wings in the business world. Get a job! Not only for the war's sake, but even more for your own. Any job in hospital, factory, or business office, if it is connected with a good firm, can become a glorious adventure. Live with it, play with it, and use a little imagination. And the inevitable lessons you will learn, if you are willing to learn, in how to deserve friends and be influenced by people will aid you in your future job as wife and mother. When you thrust your children out into this cruel, hard world, you will know that this cruel, hard



world is made up of people exactly like themselves, who refuse to be pushed around; but who respond immediately to the understanding heart. And "staying late at the office" won't seem quite so silly or selfish when you have done it a few times yourself. You will appreciate, too, the feeling of a great desire for peace when you get home at night, and you

won't be in the least eager to discuss cheerily the day's happenings. You will learn what he will need at the close of future days.

Your evenings, too, can be filled to the brim with good things. If you live in a city, you must realize the urgent need for hospital workers. Enrollment in a V.A.D. class will give you expert training in first aid, home nursing, and elementary care of hospital patients, all for the price of a uniform. Now don't tell me you can't stand the sight of blood! But even if this should be, you can still serve in the canteens—or can't you stand the sight of food?

And if you are one of the lucky ones who don't play bridge, you will have time, too, for some serious study of economic and political problems. You don't want your daughters to go through the valley of the shadow, as you are doing now, do you? Nor do you want to send your sons to war. Don't say that politics is a boring subject, and that anyway the affairs of the country are in the hands of the "four hundred." Surely as one of the "four million" you are not going to take that meekly.

march to battle. I suggest that you read that remarkable book, "Let the People Know," by Norman Angell, to begin with, and go on from there. You may have been able to match that man of yours in a political argument before he went away. But you may be sure he's done plenty of thinking since then, and probably changed his ideas—and he may not have time to write all his ideas to you.

There will come a time when letters seem a cold substitute for the joy of being together, of living, laughing, and loving together. You long to step out and have a little fun. If I suggest that what God hath joined together, another man may very easily put asunder, you will arise in your righteous indignation and tell me that John trusts you and you trust John and what's wrong with a little fun? Well, it seems to me that marriage is a development, not a static thing. The gift for marriage is God-given, but the growth of love between two people is subject to all the ordinary human frailties and temptations. Even if you and your John were together and able to feed your mutual love by mutual experiences of work and fun, there might come a time when one of you would be tempted to stray away from the fold, just a little. The danger is heightened now that you are separated. The joy of true marriage, however, lies in that fact that it is something that we ourselves arrive at through much striving and usually some heartbreak. At any time it is an ideal that takes all the effort and consecration of which we are capable. And when you feel the urge to "step out," is it not possible that you are tempted toward that companionship you now miss so bitterly? I suggest that you accept substitutes for silk stockings and bobby pins, but think twice before you accept a temporary substitute for your husband.

Even if your only bond be letters, you can still grapple him to thy soul with hoops of steel. If you are busy working, reading, and thinking, you will have much to fill your letters. A nothing-ever-happens-at-home attitude reveals a bankrupt soul, and you are far from admitting that. Just as much life goes on in your particular part of Canada as anywhere else in the world. And you can discover that, in spite of your loneliness, perhaps even heightened by it, the ordinary events of each day can sparkle with human interest. It may be an effort, at first, to write as you feel, but if you try you will discover that you have an awareness of soul you never dreamed of. And you may be sure that your letters will inevitably reveal the real you to your husband. If you are developing as a person, he will sense it immediately. If you are merely marking time, he will know that, too.

You can probably help him best by writing of what you know and of what you are doing. But let him be aware that you realize that his experiences in battle (of which he will tell you little) may well be worse than death. And that you are as determined as he is that your sons will not have to visit Europe as he is visiting it today. Write as you would talk, and admit of no real separation between you.

You may find that this experience through which you and he are passing will be the greatest adventure you have ever had.

A SHORT STORY

I Never Learn

by L. A. Fisher

Shimmering in the July heat, the farm houses a few miles away across the coulee were a filmy mirage.

"I can't believe it," said to Sam with a pseudo-incredulity that I knew he would love. "That's really the States!"

"Yep. Northern Montana."

The Lost River begins as the sluggish outlet of Lake Pakowki, an alkali flat several square miles in area. The river, or more correctly creek, slowly meanders south-easterly, its banks ever increasing in steepness until some twenty miles from the source it cosily loops this way and that at the bottom of a two hundred foot coulee. No willows trail their leafy branches in its rusted pools; no ferns nod along the bank with luxuriant indolence under the warm rays of the sun; no cattle come to slake their thirst in its tepid, brackish water nor to graze in grassy meadows under the hills. Any farms nearby have long since been abandoned as fruitless. The land is dead. Devoid even of a semblance of topsoil, the parched country stands a monument to erosion—a solid area of clay. Some of it is bluish, the color of slate. The greater part is an off-white banded by rusts and ochres, blending here and there into darkened reds and browns. Even sage, the most perseverant plant of the prairies, refuses to grow except on the brow of the slopes. God must have cursed the country personally. No minor angel could have achieved such a standard of efficiency.

And yet, Sam loves this country. I suspect that he must be in the latter stage of senile decay to like it, even remotely, but the old boy must be humored. After all, a job is a job, even if I work for a crackpot entomologist. And so, coating my inner hatred of the place with a veneer of charmed interest, I stepped perspiring from the car into the delightful direct blast-furnace rays of the sun. We gazed down into the coulee of the Lost River, lost in our own thoughts. Sam was probably wondering if dinosaurs had ever sent their cries reverberating down the depression. I was wondering how long it would be before we were completely parboiled. What an excellent place it was for a murder. I wondered how essential Sam was to the Entomological Lab., and if he thought I was going to stay out

overtime with him just because he wanted to collect some new grasshopper species. I envied this drive that made him come out on this scorching day with the eager anticipation of a child going to a picnic. I wondered how close we were to Havre. We were only a few miles from Wild Horse on the border, so it couldn't be so far. The Sweetgrass Hills mocked us with their cool, green crests. God, how I hated the place! And Etzikom, Pakowki, Orion, Comrey—they're all as bad, if not worse.

"Look!" cried Sam, pointing half-way down the slope. A salamander came gliding out on a rocky perch, got too near the edge, overbalanced, and rolled further on down the hill to come to an abrupt halt on a big boulder. A cricket stridulated off to the left somewhere. The air was heavy with silence.

"Well, where do we go from here?" I demanded, trying to keep out of my voice the desperation I felt at being stuck in this place.

"Come on down to the bottom of the coulee, and I'll show you something new." The prospect of sliding down a loose clay slope, my shoes full of dirt, didn't exactly intrigue me, but away I followed. Sam is the boss. As we neared the bottom, he steered us over to the left around a shoulder baked by the sun until its crust rang whenever you stepped on it. I followed him around. "There they are!" I looked, and what I saw jolted some of the boredom out of me. Yes, there they were—six of them. They had stems almost fourteen inches long surmounted by an iris-like bloom of a dusty-white tone. From the base grew a myriad of short six-inch spikes, each as straight as a spear arranged to form a prickly wall around the lower part of the stem.

"What are they?" I asked.

"Yucca plants," he replied, a smug smile flitting over his parchment face.

"How can they grow here?" I asked brightly. This was enough to start him off on a scientific discourse. Trapped, I listened with rapt attention.

"Well, it's like this. Those yucca plants are actually a tropical type of vegetation adapted to desert conditions. They have to be cross-pollinated. But the strange part about it is that they have to be pollinated by a certain

insect—the Yucca Moth. No other insect will do."

"Why?" The logical thing to ask, and just what he wanted me to say.

"Oh, it has special mouthparts to pack the pollen well into the pistil. Then she lays her eggs in the ovaries of the plant. The larvae hatch and feed on some of the seeds, but not enough to kill them all. So, you see, both the plant and the moth reproduce successfully. Another odd feature," he droned on, "is that the larvae feed on only one type of food—the seeds of the yucca plant. They depend on each other. Without one the other would die. And do you know that these are the only yucca plants north of Arizona and New Mexico. This country bordering on the Cypress Hills missed much of the glaciation that is evident everywhere else. As a result, some of the fauna and flora are of a sub-tropical nature. This is a collectors' paradise. They find everything unusual here."

I had listened to this monologue for some time, when finally I could stand it no longer. I wondered if anyone would find a body around here, and then decided against it.

"Do you mean to say you dragged me out here in this natural frying pan just to look at same . . ." Sam turned a shocked, glazed eye toward me. Only he moved too suddenly, and began to slip in the loose soil. My temper flared; I couldn't resist. I gently but firmly booted him from the rear. May I be pardoned if I laughed with glee as I saw the boss fall face first into a cute little clump of cactus. Bring me out on some wild goose-chase for insects to this hell-hole, would he? By the way he glanced up at me from the ground, I knew all was lost.

I enjoy working for Macdonald's Consolidated very much. Driving a wholesale delivery truck, you meet all kinds of people. And my new boss; he's swell. I stay right in the city, and he promised me that it would stay that way. Oh, oh, here he comes now. Better get to work.

"Say, Fisher, I'm sorry, but I've got a country trip for you—a few small stores. Let's see, there's Milk River, Manyberries, Pakowki, Orion, and . . ."

News headline in the "Lethbridge Herald":

Warehouse Manager Found Stabbed by Young Student

Motive unknown. Bailing hook used as fateful instrument was a company heirloom, having been in the firm for thirty years.

Heroes All

The month was May, of forty-four,
The day, the twenty-third,
And we were moving up the line,
Our voices scarcely heard.

Cassino towered on our right
(The Poles were fighting there),
The Fighting French were on our left
In mountains grim and bare.

And on the plains in front of us
The vaunted Hitler Line,
With mines and tanks and wire and guns
And infantry behind.

The thunderous roar of many guns
Went echoing o'er the land,
And friend looked silently on friend
And shook him by the hand.

At half-past four the men moved off
Through fields of standing grain.
The angry storm-clouds scudding past,
And dismal, blinding rain.

And blasted tree-trunks, stark and bare,
Stood out on every hand,
Like spectres from another world
To haunt this war-torn land.

With measured tread, and straining eyes
Our men moved slowly on,
And shells were bursting all around,
And "Bill," My Friend, is gone!

But this is war, and men will die,
And others will be maimed,
But many more will live to fight
'Till Hun and Jap are tamed.

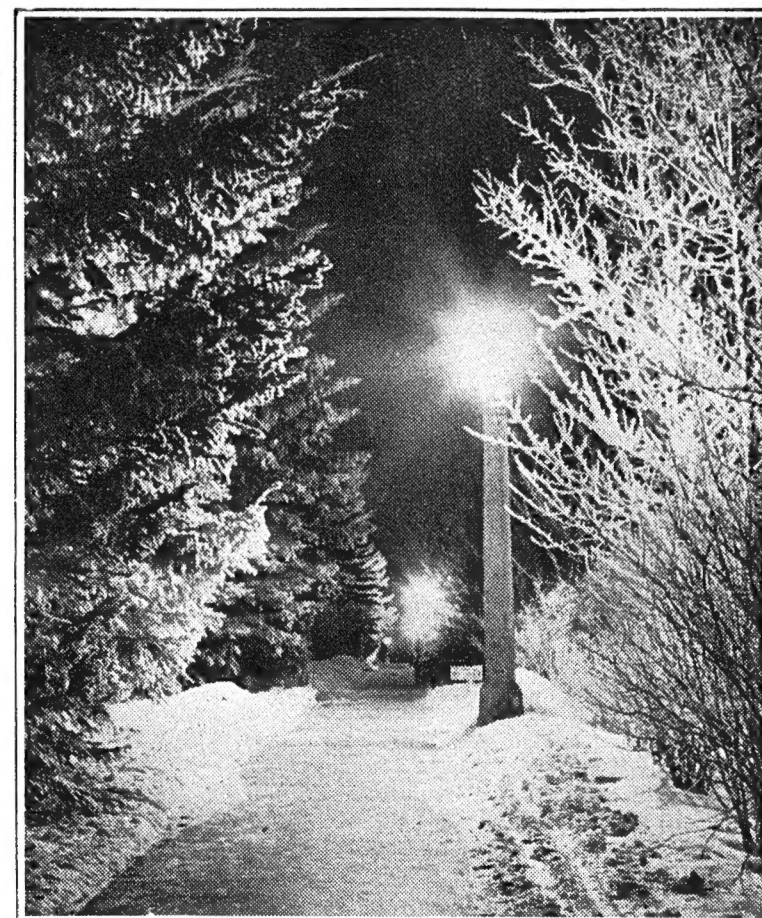
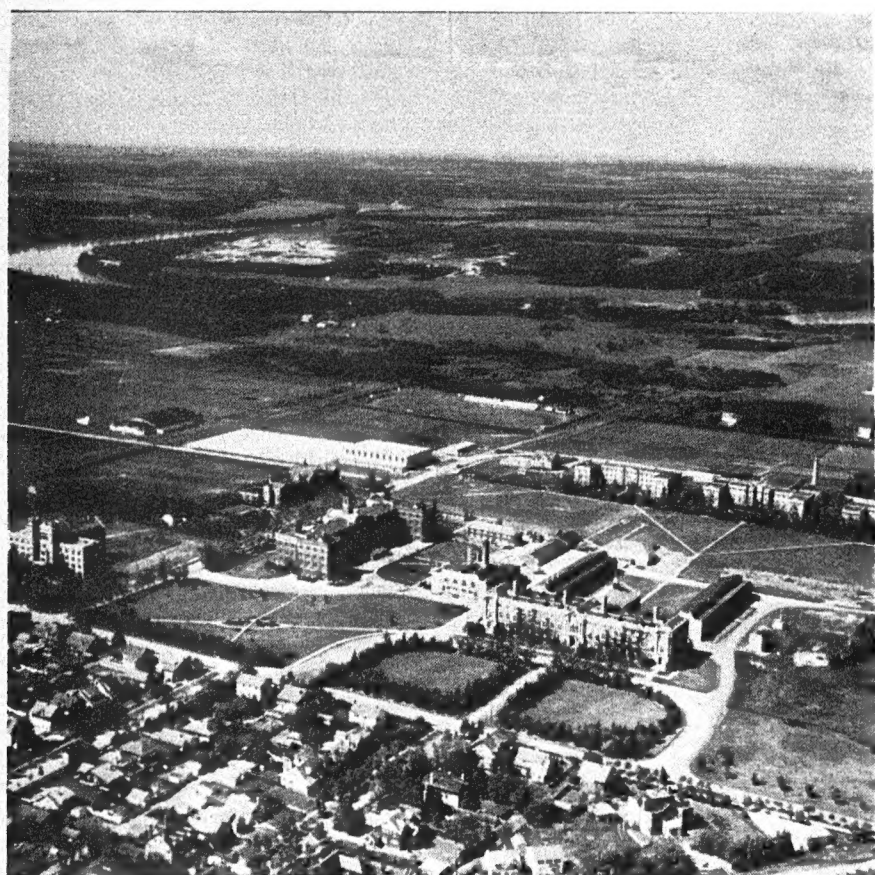
And now we're through the Hitler Line
(Took prisoners by the score),
The smoking hulks of Tiger tanks
Will slay our men no more!

The men who broke the Hitler Line,
Were men who wished to live,
Thank those who fought, and died, and won,
"THE FIRST CANADIAN DIV."

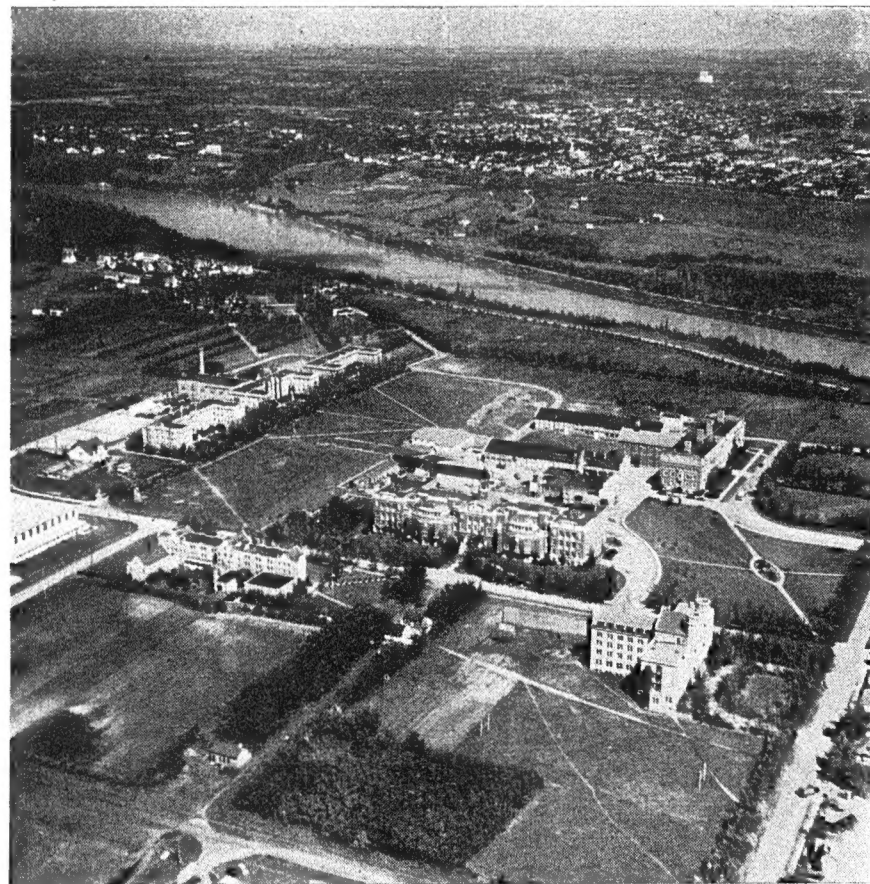
M. C. LEADEN, C.A.O.



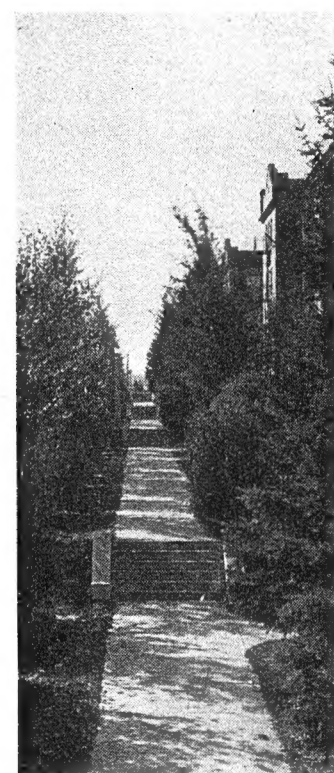
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA



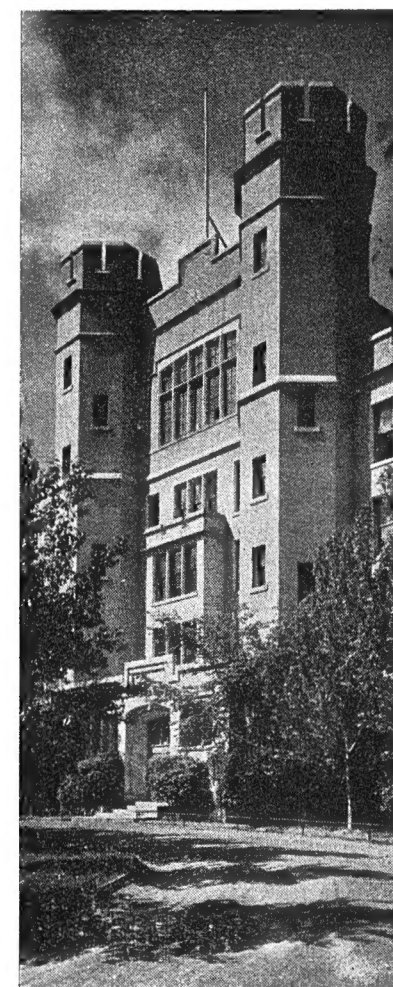
A WINTRY EVENING in front of the residences. This walk will be familiar to returning students.



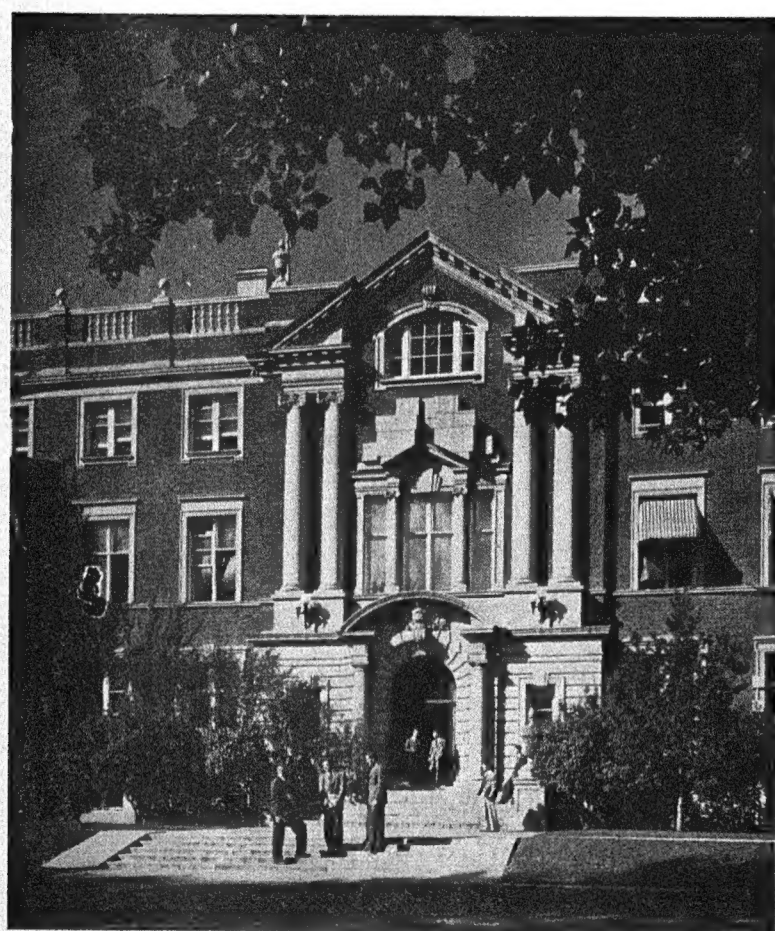
THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA CAMPUS as seen from the air. All the area west of 112th Street as shown in the second photograph belongs to the University, and will provide ample room for future expansion.



A QUIET, SHADY WALK up the long path in front of the residences.



ST STEPHEN'S COLLEGE from the driveway.



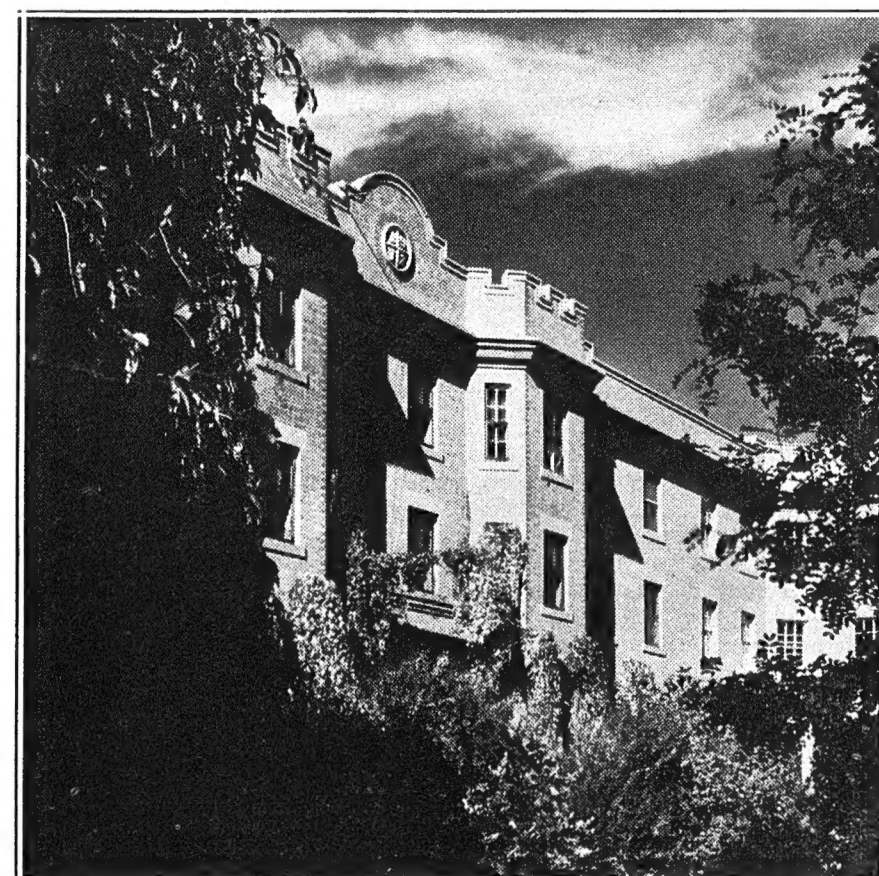
STUDENTS WAITING for the University Bus in front of the Arts Building. Inside, the Arts rotunda provides a meeting place for students of all faculties. In this building, Convocation Hall is the scene of the weekly House Dances.



SNOW with its promise of winter sports is a happy sight on the Alberta campus.



THE FAMOUS SPIRE on the Medical Building peeps through the hoar-frost on a brisk winter morning.



PEMBINA HALL returns to the students after three years' service with the Royal Canadian Air Force. The newest of three residences, the building will be occupied by the co-eds in the new year.